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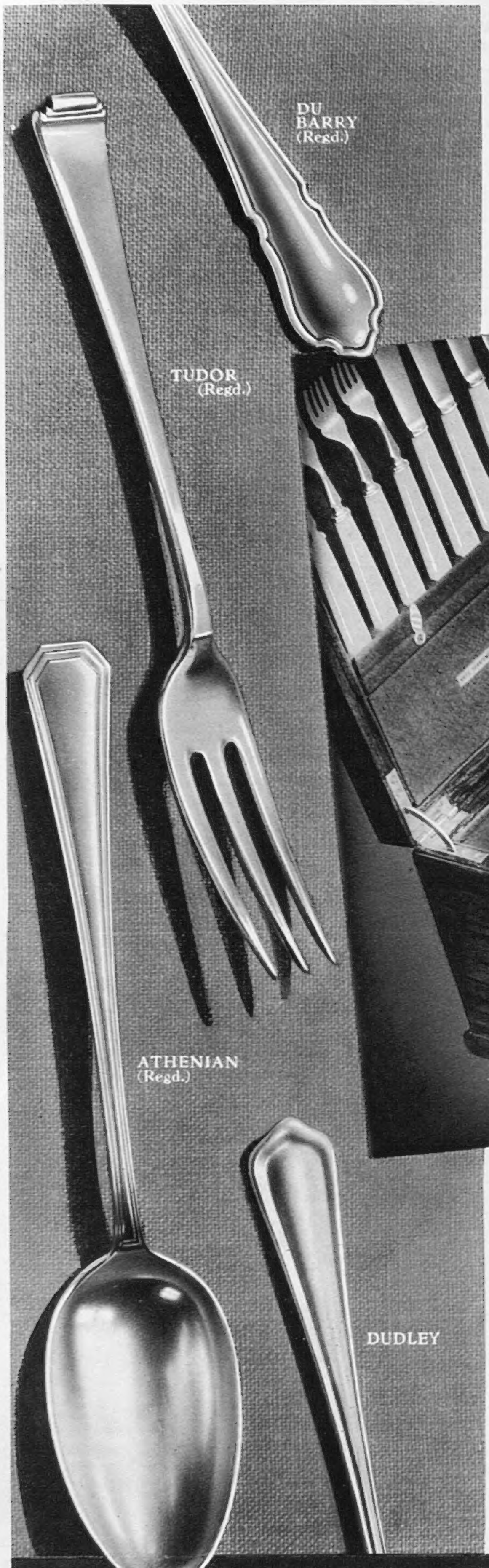

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The Sketch

No. 2306—Vol. CLXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD.

A SCOTTISH BEAUTY.

MISS ROSEMARY MAITLAND-MAKGILL-CRICHTON *is the younger daughter of the late Major C. J. Maitland-Makgill-Crichton and of Mrs. C. J. Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, and comes of an old Scottish family. Her brother, Douglas, is the head of the family and owns Monzie Castle, Perthshire, and Largo House, Fife. His marriage to Miss Sybil Paton took place last October.*

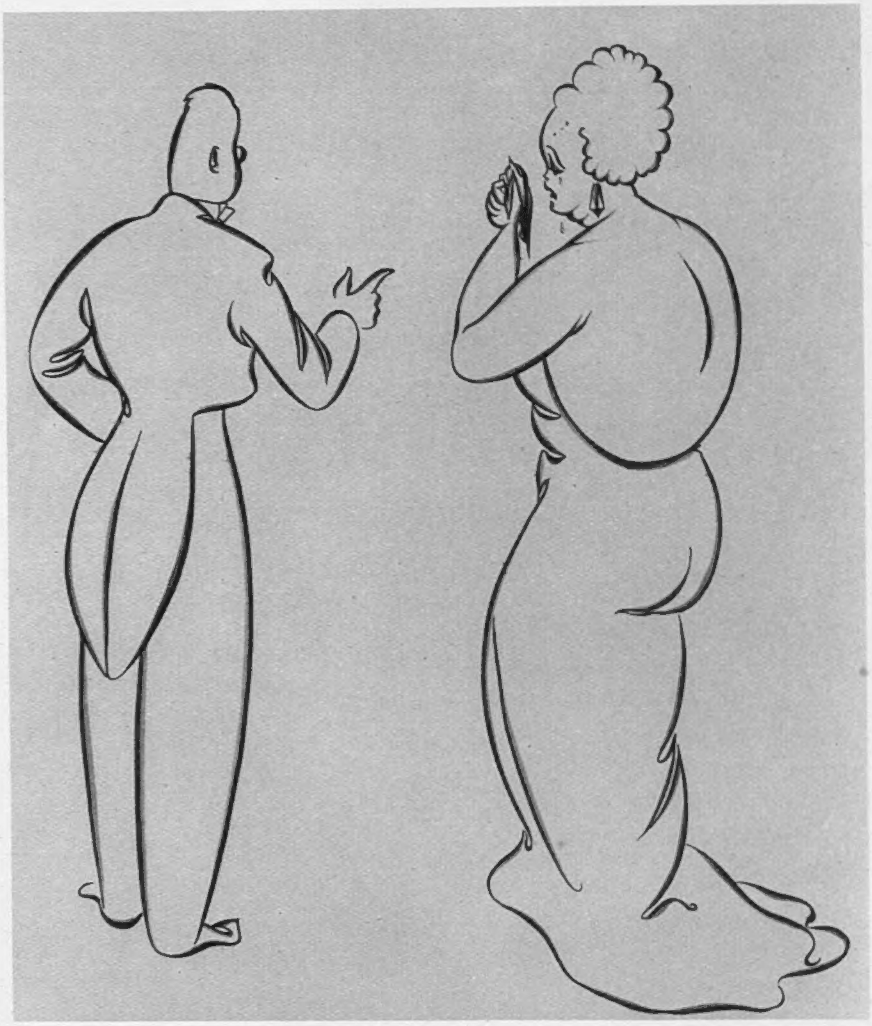
MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

WORRY.

A MEDICAL friend of mine has recently been conducting some researches into longevity. He wants to find out whether we can, with the aid of science, all knock up our century, or even, like Methuselah, score our thousand runs for the season. I have warned him against the horrors of this prospect, but he is very obstinate. Doctors are like that. They are equally unmoved whether they cut off a guinea-pig in its prime, or condemn a man to live a thousand years. Very stern men, but they say it is all in the interests of science—and they have kind hearts really, when you get to know them.

My friend examined a dozen old men and women, all over the age of seventy-five. He found (as one would expect) the most extraordinary differences between them. Some were life-long teetotallers, and were convinced that that was the secret of perpetual youth; others had, in their time, put down enough liquor to float the *Queen Mary*, and were equally convinced that this had kept them young and hearty. Some were non-smokers, and some were pickled in nicotine. Some of the women were spinsters, and some were mothers of large families. Some had never had a serious illness in their lives, and some were "creaking gates" who had always been more or less ailing with minor complaints. Three of them had managed to survive to a green old age with "bad hearts" which they had been told in middle life would finish them off prematurely. There was only one characteristic common to them all. They were unanimous on the point that they had *never worried*. They had, of course, all had their distresses and their calamities, and some of them had spent all their lives in hard and anxious circumstances; but they were all agreed that they had never allowed their troubles to "get them down."



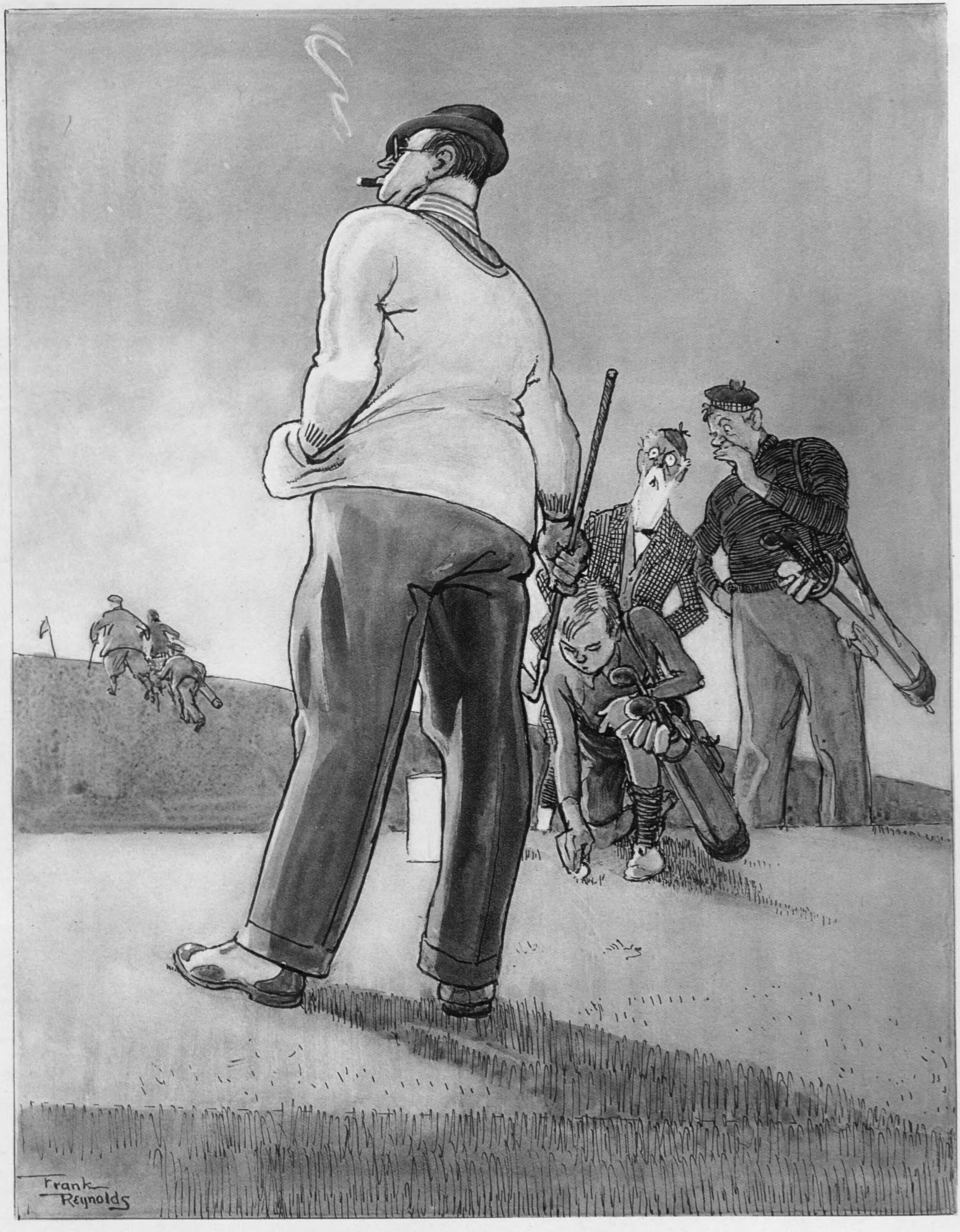
"SAY, HONEY, I DON'T MIND YOU POURING YOURSELF INTO YOUR DRESS, BUT I DO OBJECT TO YOUR OVERFLOWING."

So there you are—if you want what Faust wanted (but I should strongly advise you to hesitate!), you need not sell your soul to Mephistopheles. Just don't worry! It sounds simple enough, doesn't it? I offer you this prescription absolutely free of charge, and I think you ought to be very grateful for it, because if your nerves ever get out of order, or sleep deserts your couch, or anything else "gets you down," and if you take your troubles to Harley Street, you will get exactly the same advice, and it will cost you three guineas. I don't say it isn't worth the money, but the trouble about advice, medical or other, is that it usually does not tell you how to carry out the advice. If all the worriers who resort to Harley Street were to carry out the advice which is given them, I am afraid that there would soon be no patients at all, and Harley Street would become one of the Special Areas.

The victims of this very common and dangerous human ill are of two kinds. I will call them the Surface worriers and the Deep Level worriers. The former get fussed and bothered about all sorts of little things: every molehill is to them a mountain, every cloud has a crêpe lining; and, of course, they waste a great deal of nervous energy. The Deep Level worriers often seem quite cheerful, and not only seem, but are, undismayed in the face of anxiety. But underneath, at the Deep Level, all sorts of rumblings and grumblings are going on. Very often they are only dimly conscious of these subterranean disturbances. They don't know what it is that is keeping them awake at nights. If they are questioned, they will say that there is nothing "on their minds"; what they do not realise is that there is something "at the back of" their minds which is casting a shadow over everything. I am no psychologist, and I cannot explain this matter in Freudian terms; but I have often noticed, and I imagine that most people must have noticed in the course of their experience, that the things which make the deepest impression on us are things of which we are scarcely conscious at the time. They seem to slip past our consciousness, and dive deep down into our sub-consciousness before we have quite realised what has happened.

Consequently, it is the Deep Level worriers who have the worst time, and who take most out of themselves and find themselves going grey prematurely. The Surface worriers fritter themselves away, and, of course, if they get the habit badly enough, they may fritter themselves away altogether; but the Deep Level worriers *drain* themselves. A suface cut may bleed most profusely, and make you look as if you had been half-murdered: but it is inward bleeding that kills. It is much the same with temper. An irritable temper is a great affliction to its possessor and to everybody else; but—unless, again, it becomes an ungovernable habit—it flashes and is gone. It is the sulky, brooding temper which smoulders and consumes, and leaves an ugly heap of ashes behind.

However, it is not a very attractive choice between worrying on the Surface and worrying at the Deep Level, because the proper thing is—not to worry at all! As I have mentioned, all the authorities are absolutely unanimous on the point. What they are not quite so sure about is the exact technique. How to *control* worry? I am sure I don't know; but we all realise that there is some sort of control somewhere, if we can only find it. We know this because we often see that people who worry unnecessarily over small things, when they are faced with really big things show quite unexpected calm. We see, too, that often the people with the biggest responsibilities worry least—otherwise they would soon be dead. There *is* a technique about it, and I leave it to you to find it out. When you have done so, I should be grateful if you would tell me the secret, if it isn't copyright.



HAMISH McDUFF AGAIN.

HAMISH McDUFF *(regarding American visitor)*: "Yon's some kind of a 'killer'! Says he 'shot' 80 at North Berwick!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

TRYING TO KEEP WARM AT TOWCESTER.

Steeplechase meetings have not been the warmest places of amusement of late, but that doesn't stop their popularity. CAPTAIN *and* MRS. PETER WIGGIN *were among the well-known young-married couples at Towcester 'Chases the other day.*

MRS. RICHARD AGNEW'S *neat tailormade get-up was most becoming.*

Left: LADY CROMWELL, *wife of Lord Cromwell, wore a woolly sheepskin coat.*

Below: MRS. PENNINGTON'S *hat had a gay military air. Note her smart velvet scarf.*

MR. HENRY CAVENDISH, MISS BARBARA GRAHAM HUTCHINSON, *and the* HON. LOUISE FERMOR-HESKETH *are the trio in this group.*

MISS D. CLARKE, *here seen with* MRS. CECIL LANGLANDS *(right), was one of the good-lookers at the meeting.*

RECONSTRUCTED LIFE BY JAMES McBEY!
GINA MALO.

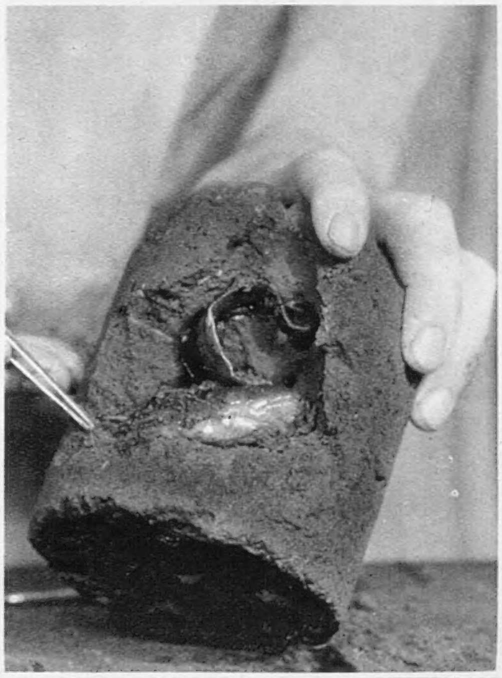
This portrait of MISS GINA MALO, *the popular young actress of "On Your Toes," is one of the works by James McBey on view at his show of Recent Paintings at Colnaghi's. In his introduction to the catalogue, Mr. E. V. Lucas refers to the fact that Mr. McBey's portraits "reconstruct life."*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

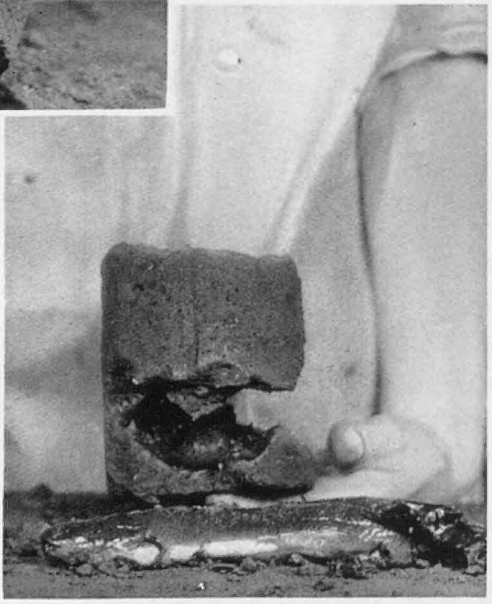
SOME weeks ago I referred to the fact that American anglers were catching big tunny practically within sight of the skyscrapers of New York; now I have received information that Australian anglers are killing swordfish just outside Sydney Heads. Needless to say, this has caused great excitement, and crowds have flocked to the weighing platform erected at Watson's Bay. The local council is alive to the excellent publicity, and is considering the question of floodlighting the platform. This discovery of big game fishing on the outskirts of one of the largest cities in Australia will give a tremendous impetus to the sport. In 1936 a considerable number of swordfish and numerous sharks were caught off the coast of New South Wales, and, with many more anglers operating this season, it is evident that the possibilities of big game fishing in Australian waters will be exploited more thoroughly. Already this year an Australian record has been set up by the capture of a black marlin swordfish weighing 672 lb. at Bermagui by Mr. Porter, of Victoria. As members of the New South Wales Rod Fishers' Society intend to explore the warmer currents sixty to seventy miles off the coast, there is a possibility of far heavier fish being recorded in the near future. Two tiger-sharks, weighing respectively 996½ lb. and 1005 lb., caught by Mr. J. B. Baldwin and Sil Rohu, have been recognised as Australian records, and I believe the claim that they are world's records will not be disputed.

The Amazing Lungfish.

Some little time ago—about fifty million years—when the first swamps and shallow waters commenced drying up, a genus of lung-breathing, water-living animals was evolved. Their fossil remains have been found on every continent of the world, and though most of them died out in course of time, there exists to this day one small group of five species, three of which are to be found in the tropical belt of Central Africa, and the others in South America and Australia. Despite their air-breathing habit, these lungfish, as they are called, are more at home in water than out of it, and yet are quickly drowned if by accident they take a mouthful of water instead of air. They succumb if carried in a pail of water, as the disturbed surface prevents them breathing. When the lungfish finds the water in its pond drying up under a tropical sun, it buries itself in the mud. When the mud dries, the lungfish curls up, with its tail over its eyes, and mucus exuded from cells in the skin forms a protective covering which arrests the evaporation of body moisture. The only opening in the "cocoon" is at the mouth, and once the lungfish has commenced its period of æstivation, its breathing is slowed down to one expiration and inhalation about every two hours. Unlike animals which hibernate and live on the fat in the body, the lungfish consumes its muscle tissue. At first this is absorbed very rapidly, but the rate of consumption becomes less and less. After two years' æstivation the loss is imperceptible.



The LUNGFISH *in this photograph is being removed from the block of dried mud in which it had* TRAVELLED FROM EAST AFRICA TO THE U.S.A.



This LUNGFISH HAD LIVED OVER SIX MONTHS *in the cavity in the block of mud seen behind it. Some of the protective membrane of the "cocoon" with which it protects itself when encased in the mud is shown adhering to it.*

Buried Alive for Four Years.

Dr. Homer W. Smith has kept lungfish in blocks of mud in his laboratory at New York University Medical College for over four years. After being buried alive over this long period, the lungfish emerged in emaciated state, but quite healthy and hungry. Body wastes are eliminated by the kidney, which stores urea to an extent about five hundred times greater than most other vertebrates could sustain without succumbing to toxic uremia. This high concentration of urea is quickly dispersed when the lungfish is in water again. Also, it begins to feed voraciously—an 18-in. fish in the New York Aquarium ate a quarter of a pound of meat in two days. Lungfish cannot be kept together, as they fight, but unless organs are damaged they quickly regrow any fin filaments which may have been torn or bitten off. In one case, a 13-in. fish lost six inches of tail, and this was regrown within three or four months, and eventually the lungfish attained a length of 18 in.

LADY MURIEL LIDDELL-GRAINGER *killed* THESE SIX SALMON *recently when fishing North Wark water, on the Tweed.*

Lungfish Prefer Foul Water.

Among the other peculiarities of the lungfish is the appearance of skin eruptions all over their bodies when they are placed in tap water. These sores quickly disappear when they are put back into foul water. The fouler the water, the better it pleases the lungfish, but, strange to say, they are quite happy when placed in distilled water. The photographs on this page were obtained from the General Biological Supply House, Chicago. This firm has obtained a consignment of living lungfish from East Africa for supplying to university teachers in all parts of the U.S.A. When the mud-cakes containing the lungfish were shipped to the United States they were over six months in transit, much of the time in extreme tropical heat. Live specimens are now on sale at the Turtox Laboratories, ranging in price from 9·50 dollars to 20 dollars, according to length—roughly, about one dollar an inch. My attention was drawn to these interesting fishes by Mr. Lewis L. Babcock, who studied them while he was investigating the air-breathing habits of the tarpon, on which fish he is an acknowledged authority.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

All fishing tackle made by the Redditch firms has been increased in price by 10 per cent. from March 25.

Mr. Dowding, a member of the British Tunny Club, has landed a world's record thresher shark, weighing 922 lb., in New Zealand waters.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

"THE SHARPSHOOTERS."

A guest night with one of London's crack regiments, THE 23RD (LONDON) ARMOURED CAR COMPANY (SHARPSHOOTERS), ROYAL TANK CORPS, *terminated in these sketches by Fred May. The Regiment's origin: permission granted by the War Office to Sir Henry Seton-Karr and Lord Dunraven in 1899 to raise a corps of sharpshooters. A battalion of picked marksmen resulted. During the Great War, as a Regiment of Imperial Yeomanry, it fought at Gallipoli and Salonica; and in Palestine, where it formed part of the Yeomanry Division which did such good work in the last of the cavalry campaigns. After this, as a Machine Gun Corps, it went to France in time to acquire the "Pursuit to Mons" amongst its battle honours. Its nickname persists even in the Army List.*

THE BRITISH RAJ ON ELEPHANT - BACK : THE KADIR CUP.

The final of the famous KADIR CUP *is a most important social and sporting occasion for the British Raj in India. This year the Viceroy and the Marchioness of Linlithgow attended it and saw Mr. J. H. Branford, 84th Field Battery, R.A., win the trophy on Red Turk. Here is the luncheon tent; with the* WIRELESS *on the left, by which contact with the main camp was assured.*

The LADIES JOAN *and* ANNE HOPE, *daughters of H.E. the Viceroy and the Marchioness of Linlithgow, are perched on the first elephant in our photograph.*

The MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW *is seen, in the howdah of the first elephant, crossing a river during the final day of that greatest of pigsticking events, the Kadir Cup.*

LORD BADEN-POWELL *brought his ciné-camera, which he operated from the howdah of his elephant. He is with* LADY BADEN-POWELL *and the* HON. HEATHER BADEN-POWELL.

Right: LORD BADEN-POWELL, *the Chief Scout, won the Kadir Cup in the 'eighties. He is seen climbing into his howdah to watch the final in 1937.*

'CHASING IN KENT: THE ERIDGE RACES.

The HON. MRS. JOHN PEPYS, *daughter of Captain and Mrs. Guy Larnach-Nevill, was one of the prettiest women at the Eridge Steeplechases.*

MR. IAN MURRAY *and* MRS. N. COLLIN *are watching the sport with serious and with smiling faces.*

The MARCHIONESS OF ABERGAVENNY *came with her daughter-in-law,* VISCOUNTESS HARDINGE, *and her grandchildren, the* HON. CAROLYN *and the* HON. NICHOLAS HARDINGE.

MRS. PAUL BARRAN *and* MRS. JAMES HARRIS *are seen in conversation with little* VISCOUNT BAYHAM, *son of the Earl of Brecknock.* MR. ERIC BUSH *is in the background.*

MISS ROSEMARY DAVIDSON-HOUSTON *and her fiancé,* MR. TOM BUTLER, *came together.*

CAVIAR AND CABBAGES.

By MOLLY CASTLE.

XIV.—*INGÉNU*: TYRONE POWER.

"WALTER WINCHELL says I am being killed by publicity," said twenty - two - year - old Tyrone Power, Jun., seriously. We reassured him. "You 're not dead yet," we told him, and exchanged glances which implied that, one way and another, he is still only newly come to life.

"Do you think it 's possible to get too much publicity?" he asked.

"Not very possible," I said, and added: "I 'm sure your public is still deeply interested in your life. Do you mind your romances being written about?"

"No, if only they 'd get the right one!" he moaned.

Here 's a fine action study of TYRONE POWER, the 20th Century-Fox player, who will soon be seen at the Gaumont, Haymarket, in "Lloyds of London," and whom Molly Castle discusses in her article this week.

Tyrone has a hard time with women. Leading ladies want to mother him—at least, that 's what *they* say. Patia Power, who thinks she 's capable of doing all the mothering Ty needs (she 's been at it for twenty-two years), admits they choose a lot of strange times to do it in. Ty is 6 ft. tall and weighs 11 stone (looks lighter), but he has the kind of boyish ingenuousness, turned-up nose, and laughing brown eyes that bring on a mother complex. Women want to pet him and coax a smile out of him, and he hates it.

He hates also to be called the "second Robert Taylor," which he is not, and doesn't want to be the second anybody—not even Tyrone Power, which he 's not, either. He 's the third: the name started with his great-grandfather and skipped one generation. And if he does still seem pretty young when he 's not working, there 's nothing in the least inexperienced about his acting. He 's an accomplished actor (if he 's read this far I may make good from now on), and one who has had the advantage of heredity and family coaching at the back of him, and of years of Shakespearean training. Under his father's tuition—and his father was considered one of the greatest actors in American theatrical history—he took a practical course in Shakespeare instead of going to college.

I had lunch with Tyrone, but he scarcely had lunch with me. He drank coffee and kept jumping up and talking to people and then coming back and talking to me. He told me that he wanted to travel, to go to England, where his father was born, and to France, where his mother's people had lived. But when he had had the time to go he hadn't had the money; and now he had the money he couldn't get the time.

He wore an open-neck shirt of string, and a suit with a Glenurquart check. His clothes looked English but they were not: they were 100 per cent. American. Tyrone's English and French blood seems to have worked out right in regard to his way of wearing his clothes, for they do say that English men and French women are the best-dressers in the world. Women's clothes from the Place Vendôme and men's clothes from Savile Row are not really so different from those you can buy in other streets. It 's just that Parisian women and English men have the gift of knowing how to put them on. And so it seems that Tyrone has inherited a gift for looking right in his clothes. Next time you see him in a film note the angle of his hat and you 'll see what I mean.

I saw him again about an hour after lunch sitting on a chair studying his homework. No, that isn't right—I mean his lines. He had his feet tucked around the legs of the chair in a way which gives him the jitters if he catches himself out doing it on the screen, and which also gives the jitters—but of a different kind—to those mother-complex females we were talking about.

Loretta Young came out of her dressing-room followed by strains of recorded Hawaiian music, and sat down by him, and he looked up and said "Hello!" and went on studying. One man started setting up a camera and another fooled with some lights and a third came along and posed the two of them for still-pictures for magazines. Loretta played around with a comb, and Tyrone took time out from posing to study the script some more.

Tyrone and Loretta are very good friends. He likes working with her, and he felt pretty badly when one morning he came upon her on the set reading up another of those interviews he was supposed to have given to a lady of the Press. He 'd got up a bit late that morning and hadn't seen it himself; wondered, till he got hold of the paper, why Loretta's friendly greeting was now as frigid a nod as you might give to an acquaintance who 'd lent you more money than you could conveniently repay. Imagine his embarrassment when he discovered that the interviewer had quoted him as saying that working with Loretta was all right but that he much preferred working with a former leading lady, Madeleine Carroll, than with Loretta. It took a good deal of smooth talking to explain that one away.

So when you think it over, Walter Winchell may have been right about Tyrone being in danger of being killed by publicity. A few more of these feminine interviewers and it will probably be a front-page story!

Keeping fit in Hollywood for those who have to work all day presents a problem which TYRONE POWER solves by playing skee-ball at least three nights a week. He is now at work on 20th Century-Fox's "Café Metropole."

AVOCADO.

TYRONE POWER'S FAVOURITE FRUIT (OR IS IT VEGETABLE?).

Avocado, in any form and most shapes, appeals to Tyrone; he says however thin you slice it, it 's still avocado. Avocado feels better than it tastes—that is, it has a smooth, velvety consistency but not much flavour. Should therefore be combined with strong-flavoured companions. It 's good for sandwiches when mashed and put between thin slices of brown bread on which thousand island dressing has been spread. Sliced and combined with seasoned tomato juice and enough gelatine to set it in a mould, it is good on lettuce. Mixed with cubed pineapple and served with mayonnaise it also makes an interesting salad. Or you could cut it in half, scoop out the stone, fill the cavity with chopped celery and walnuts, and cover with a half-and-half dressing of mayonnaise and tomato ketchup.

EASTERTIDE AT LE TOUQUET.

MISS FRANCES DAY, *very beautifully dressed, as usual, was one of the decorations of Le Touquet. She's going in to supper with* MISS BLANCHE ROWE.

This quartet at an Eastertide gala consists of MR. *and* MRS. BOBBIE DUCAS *and the* HON. MICHAEL *and* MRS. SCOTT. *Mrs. Ducas is the former Magda Stourton. Mr. Scott is the Earl of Eldon's only brother.*

MR. NORMAN BLACK, *the well-known racing driver, is good on the dance floor also. He is partnering* MRS. BLACK.

LADY DAWSON *is the wife of Commander Sir Hugh Dawson, R.N., Bt.*

Right: MRS. JOHNNY MUSKER *was one of the decorative young married women who Easter-ed at Le Touquet. Here she is at a gala evening there.*

Though the weather was chilly at Easter it was fine, and that's something! MISS ANN TRITTON *and* MR. RHODES *are seen waiting to begin a round of golf.*

The HON. DROGO *and* MRS. MONTAGU *are here going out to golf with* MRS. RUPERT BYASS *(right). He is the younger son of the Earl of Sandwich and his wife is Lord Beaverbrook's only daughter.*

'CHASING AT WINCANTON IN CHILLY SUNSHINE.

VISCOUNT WEYMOUTH *(right) was snapped in a moment of animation on the stand, with* MR. PHIPPS, *brother-in-law of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, and* VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH. *Lord Weymouth is the son and heir of the Marquess of Bath.*

Above: This study in expressions by race-watchers was taken at the WINCANTON 'CHASES. *The quintet are (l. to r.):* MR. BAKER, LADY SLADE, SIR ALFRED SLADE, CAPTAIN LEACROFT, *and* MISS NEWTON.

Right: CAPTAIN *and* MRS. ERELD CARDIFF *were among those who attended the meeting. The sun shone, but the wind blew cold.*

MISS NINA HOOD *(right) and* MISS BOWES-LYON *have apparently been consulting* MR. PHIPPS.

MISS B. DAUNTESEY *and* MRS. TOM HANBURY *(l. to r.) wore tiny, close-fitting hats and cosy fur coats.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY MADELEINE L. SUSSMAN.

THE ZULU CLOWNING IT.

This is a ZULU CLOWN, *clad in his motley and wearing a big-nosed mask. The clown is an important artist at the native dances which take place on Sundays at mines on the Rand. Whereas the other performers only dance for approximately twenty minutes, the clown stays on the "set" for the whole period (i.e., the entire morning), mimicking and copying the dancers in turn, and causing much amusement among the spectators. In the background, a South Zulu chief dancer is standing, and members of the Corps de Ballet are seated on the ground resting.*

TALES WITH A STING.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

By TANJONG.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

LAINSON was a hybrid reincarnation of Sir Galahad and the Good Samaritan, with a *penchant* for helping lame dogs over stiles and getting bitten in the process. A noble hobby, but China in its present eruptive condition is not a country suited to the practise of knight-errantry, and he was lucky in coming through the affair with nothing worse than the loss of his prestige—and his car.

The car was a new one, long and low-bodied, with an impatient turn of speed which was dangerous in a town where all things Chinese, from rickshaw coolies to dogs, are apparently stone deaf. For that reason Lainson made his trial runs—"breaking her in," he called it—after midnight, and it was during one of these nocturnal rambles through the less frequented streets of the city that, like his armour-plated prototype, "he met strange adventure."

As he wormed the big car through a narrow alley, a rickshaw containing a fur-muffled woman turned out of a cross street and cut-in in front of him. Women in rickshaws are not at all unusual in the streets of Peking at night, but this was a white woman and alone, and that was unusual. Passing in that narrow space being out of the question, he slowed down to a crawl until the rickshaw was well ahead, and just as it reached a point where the alley joined a broader street, three men suddenly sprang from a doorway and made a rush for the rickshaw. At the first sight of them the coolie dropped the shafts and bolted, leaving his passenger struggling with the men; but before they could drag her out of the vehicle the big car shot forward, the bumper caught two of the assailants in the back and threw them heavily, and the survivor, after one glance at the rumbling juggernaut, backed away, fumbling for a weapon.

Lainson's next action was in accordance with the best traditions of knight-errantry. He leaned over, grabbed the fur-swathed figure, and swung her into the rear of the car; then he jammed his foot on the accelerator and shot out into the broader street, to the rattling accompaniment of the third bandit's pistol; nor did he slacken speed until he found himself near the Central Park, and here he pulled up and turned in his seat to get a better view of his salvage.

She had not stirred from where he had dumped her on the floor of the car, and in answer to his query, "Are you all right?", she opened her fur collar and showed a pair of attractively bright eyes.

"You 're a trifle abrupt, aren't you?" she said. "All the same, I 'm not hurt—that is, not very much, thank you. It is not very comfortable here."

Lainson, full of apologies, lifted her bodily into the seat beside him. "Where can I take you?" he asked.

"Anywhere," was her answer. "It doesn't matter now."

Lainson rubbed his chin thoughtfully, then drove back into the town and pulled up before a well-known hotel.

Without a word she allowed him to pilot her through the still-crowded bar to an unoccupied corner, where, after a moment, she threw back the fur hood which half-concealed a face that was fascinating and not quite European.

"Don't you know it 's dangerous for a white woman to ride alone in the streets after midnight?" he asked. "Those bandits might have robbed and ill-treated you."

"They weren't bandits—they were Nationalist agents, and they were only trying to kidnap me," was her surprising answer.

"'Only'! May I know why?"

"Yes. I was returning from a visit to my brother-in-law's house. I had received a message earlier in the evening asking me to go to him at once, but he wasn't there"; and seeing the look of perplexity on Lainson's face she added: "You see, my brother-in-law is a Russian, and in this town all Russians are suspected of Communism. These people set a trap to catch me, in the hope that I could tell them where Feodor is." She accepted a cigarette, lit it, and continued calmly: "But they would have wasted their time."

"Good Lord! The things they might have done to you! Are you Russian too?"

"Partly. My mother was Chinese. I was educated in Europe."

"Ah! That explains a lot," he nodded. "Are you a Communist?"

"Perhaps. Now are you sorry you rescued me?" she smiled.

"No; and what 's more, I 'm going to look after you until you are safely home. Where are you living?"

"In an hotel, but I 'm not going back there."

"Then go to another hotel," he suggested.

"What is the use? They have spies in every hotel and bar in Peking. Listen: turn your head presently as if you were looking for a bar boy and you will see a Cantonese near the door. He is one, and when we leave here he will follow."

"Then he 'll have to have a pretty fast car!" chuckled Lainson. "And they 'll have to be damned smart to find you where you 'll be hidden."

"Where 'll that be?"

"In my house. You 'll be perfectly safe there."

"That 's dear of you," she said; "but my only hope is to get to Tientsin."

"You shall. I 'll take you there myself to-morrow evening."

She shook her head. "If I don't leave Peking to-night it will be too late."

"Very well, I 'll take you to-night; but what about your luggage?"

"I must abandon it. It would be mad to go to that hotel again. But I have a suit-case at the Chien Men Station."

"We 'll pick it up on our way."

"I 'll be quite ready as soon as I have written a note to Feodor to tell him I have gone."

She scribbled a few lines on a page from his note-book, folded it, and gave it to a Chinese boy with a whispered word and a coin. "He is safe," she told Lainson, "and if it did fall into other hands they would not understand it. Now, my dear, on this journey you must be guided by me—I know just what to expect and avoid. First to the station for my suit-case; then, instead of leaving the city by the direct route, you must go by the Ping Tsi Men gate. They know you there?"

"Well," he assured her. "I pass through it almost every night."

"Good! Then let us start at once."

Twenty minutes later they were out of the Tartar City and on the open road, she pointing the way.

"But this leads to Tungchow," he objected.

"Have patience," she replied. "When we reach the bridge, turn right and drive fast—there is nothing on the road."

"There 's a tail-light ahead of us now," he pointed out.

"Some late travellers," she said. "It is nothing."

But the nothing proved to be something, for on the other side of the bridge was a car turned across the road, and Lainson only escaped disaster by braking hard and swerving into the soft cart-track at the side. Before he knew what was happening, rough hands dragged him from the car, a coarse sack was pulled over his head, and, with his wrists and ankles tied, he was bundled into a car which started off at high speed.

Presently the car stopped and he was once more dragged out on the road, his bonds were loosened, and something soft and heavy struck him on the base of his skull.

When he regained his senses it was broad daylight and he was sitting outside the Ping Tsi Men gate, surrounded by a small group of mildly interested peasants. He staggered inside the gate, stopped a passing rickshaw, and a few minutes later was gasping out his tale of woe to the astonished chief of the International police.

"They kidnapped the lady and took your car, you say?" asked the chief. "Who was she?"

Lainson didn't know; he had never thought of asking her name, but he blurted out the full story of the night's adventures, and when he paused for breath the chief took from his drawer a photograph.

"Is she anything like that?" he asked, handing it to Lainson.

"That is she!" cried Lainson. "Then you know her?"

"I don't, but I know this much," said the chief grimly. "A week ago the Ho Sien bank was burgled to the tune of sixty thousand dollars, and the lady of this photograph's mission was to lift the loot and smuggle it out of the city. With your kind assistance she has apparently succeeded. I also know now the identity of the ruffian who smashed up two of Tung Peng's plain-clothes detectives and helped the woman to evade arrest last night. If you 'll take my advice, Lainson, you 'll catch the first train out of town and stay out until Tung Peng's blood pressure subsides a bit."

[THE END.]

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THIS MAGICIAN, TÖNESSEN—For Letting Us See the Indian Rope Trick Everyone has Wanted to See.

THE MAGICIAN THROWS HIS ROPE INTO THE AIR, *holding the slack part round his left arm.*

Another view of the magician throwing up his rope with his right hand. It looks like AN ORDINARY ROPE WHICH HAS SEEN SOME WEAR.

THE ROPE IS NOW AS STIFF AND SECURE AS A TREE. *A little girl has swarmed safely up it.*

THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK has long been the most discussed piece of magic in the world. Everyone has heard of it, but it is difficult to meet anyone who has seen it. These photographs of the trick in progress have reached us from Germany, and show TÖNESSEN doing it in a garden where no preparation had been made. Last week he was due to open with the trick in variety, at the Berlin "Wintergarten." The Editor-in-Chief of the "Kölnische Illustrierte Zeitung" writes: "For the first time here, a man throws into the air a rope which—without 'shifting' from underneath and without 'drawing' from above—stiffens in a second's time, bone-hard. A trick? The name 'Indian Rope Trick' says as much. But one inspired by an ingenious idea."

At a gesture from the magician, the ROPE RESUMES ITS PLIANT QUALITY *and drops back to earth.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The marriage of LORD ASHLEY, *elder son of the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, to* MLLE. FRANÇOISE SOULIER *took place quietly at Neuilly. The bride and bridegroom are seen after the ceremony at the Mairie.*

ON Tuesday, June 20, 1911, there was a wonderful Shakespearean Coronation Ball at the Albert Hall. On May 13, 1937, there will be a similarly-named festivity, but what is really interesting is to realise that many of the beautiful and distinguished women who appeared as Shakespearean characters twenty-six years ago could still take the parts they originally played and look well cast. For instance, tall, distinguished Lady Juliet Duff would make just as lovely an Amazon Queen to-day as she did then; Constance Duchess of Westminster might again play the Queen of France in "Henry VI."; and Lady Zia Wernher would look just as charming now as she did when, as Lady Zia Torby, she took the part of a Court Lady; while Grace Lady Wemyss would be a striking Katherine of Aragon, as she was when Lady Wemyss in 1911. I saw all these names in the original souvenir programme of the ball, which is used as the model for the programme of the forthcoming festivity. It's amusing to recall that the wonderful setting of the last Coronation junketing, by which the Albert Hall was transformed into an Italian Garden with clipped yew trees and Parian marble terraces, was designed by that clever young architect of the pre-war era, Mr. Lutyens, who to-day we all know as the famous Sir Edwin Lutyens.

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At this year's Coronation Ball, Lady Oxford is to play Queen Elizabeth. This should be an excellent choice, for she has the distinction and grace of movement necessary for anyone who wants to play Queen Bess. She also has the ready wit always attributed to Gloriana, the beautiful hands and the tremendous vitality associated with her. In addition, she has a tremendous feeling for costume and is sure to look really Tudor. The beautiful young girls who are to be featured in the pageant include Mrs. Mark Pilkington, Miss Primula Rollo (as Juliet), and Miss Jennifer Fry (as Olivia), to quote just three.

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There's another Coronation Ball fixed, too—the "Bart's" Coronation one, which ought to be very *chic*. I went to a committee meeting for it the other afternoon, and if I read the signs aright, it will be a winner. Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, *petite*, charming and immensely popular in racing circles, is the chairman. Newmarket was well represented at the meeting, for there was Mrs. James Baird, formerly Mrs. Jenkinson, who came sweeping in wearing a lovely mink coat, closely followed by Lady Broughton wrapped in grey squirrel, and Lady Serena James in a coat decorated with panels of grey krimmer lamb. The most exciting thing about this dance is the number and the value of the prizes which are to be bestowed as the result of a contest in connection with the programmes. You may go to the ball and come back much enriched by a silver fox, a diamond brooch, gin, sherry, and champagne, or a silver salver, for these are among the treasures to be acquired.

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Lady Plymouth, who is the most inspired chairman that any in-aid-of venture can obtain, has set her hand to the plough for the Hedingham Rover Scout Spring Ball and Fun Fair, so you may as well make up your minds that this dance on May 4 at Grosvenor House will be a high spot of social fun. The scheme is one for training young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five for all forms of indoor and outdoor service, and, as Lady Plymouth herself puts it, "This excellent training, with a job guaranteed at the end of it, should be a vital help to many." The Duchess of Beaufort is going to receive the guests at the ball, and the programme is to include dances by members of the Ballet Rambert, so the evening should be varied, gay and brilliant.

The marriage of the HON. ELIZABETH YOUNGER, *daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Younger of Leckie, to* MR. KENNETH DAVIDSON, *Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, took place at the Cathedral Church of St. Mary, Edinburgh.*

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Weddings are always a feature of April, and this year there seem to be more than ever. Someone counted up sixty brides, but I haven't yet heard of any guest bidden to sixty ceremonies and receptions! Bridegrooms include three notable young men, the novelist Evelyn Waugh, who is to marry Miss Laura Herbert on April 17; Mr. Alexander Glen, the young explorer, and leader of the Oxford University Arctic Expedition to North East Land, who is marrying Miss Nina Nixon on April 12; and Lord William Scott, the brilliant, witty, politician brother of the Duchess of Gloucester, whose wedding to Lady Rachel Home is fixed for April 27.

Lady Brownlow's Caroline Cust is to be one of the seven child attendants who will follow Miss Laura Herbert; and I hear that Mr. Glen hopes to finish his book, "Ice," during the quiet honeymoon which he and his bride have arranged.

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Believe it or not, on April 20, if you go to the Papworth Village Settlement Festival dinner at Grosvenor House, you will be able to do all these things: hear speeches by the Duke of Kent, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Sir Patrick Hastings, dance, laugh at Nelson Keys and Gracie Fields in cabaret, and have a dart at winning a magnum of champagne, a saloon car, or some other attractive object! Tickets for this most varied programme are *free*. You just have to write to the Duke of Atholl, at 16, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and say how many of you are coming, and you will, of course, give whatever sum you consider suitable—naturally it will be a generous one, considering the entertainment you are to have and the excellence of the object. Papworth Settlement is for the treatment, training, housing and employment of sufferers from tuberculosis, a work of mercy and, mark you, common sense, for by this scheme the taxpayer is saved the expense of supporting the unemployable worker and his dependents, and the risk of "T.B." infection is lessened.

The bridesmaids who attended the Hon. Elizabeth Younger at her marriage to Mr. Kenneth Davidson were the HON. ANNE YOUNGER, MISS MARGARET BROWN, MISS ROSEMARY DAVIDSON, MISS MINA PURVIS, *and* MISS BETTY CHALMERS. *The pages were* GEORGE *and* SANDY YOUNGER, *nephews of the bride.*

Those in doubt as to whether they are famous or not will know by Coronation Week, for the Coronation Celebrity Party, which the Chairman and Directors of the *Daily Mirror* are giving on May 20, is for the famous only. If you don't get an invitation you will know you are among the obscure! Socialites, politicians, sportsmen, stage and screen stars, artists, and big business folk are all to be there, and though the official lists are not yet out, I hear that J. H. Thomas, A. P. Herbert, Alexander Korda, the Charles Cavendishes, Merle Oberon, and Amy Johnson are among those who will be present.

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If you are an admirer of Modigliani's undulating line, you will rush off to the Storran Gallery. There is a very fine show of his paintings on there, and he is getting so rare to come by that it's a chance in a thousand to see them. His famous portrait of that romantic-looking poet, Baranowski, is on view. The "Jean Cocteau" comes from the Paul Guillaume collection. M. Guillaume helped the painter greatly during his rather hectic lifetime. There are many other portraits, too, all very much "according to" Modigliani. He is tremendously sought after by collectors, and so has become scarce. Mr. George Eumorfopoulos has two splendid specimens hanging in his dining-room; the Italian Government has a good few; in the Tate are one or two, and besides several in America, others hang in various public collections.

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Two new shows at the Leicester Galleries had their Private Views last week—first, Mr. Josselin Bodley, reminiscent of Utrillo in his white buildings and cool, pleasant colours. He told me how much he prefers the smoothness of stucco to the rough-looking surface of brick. And his pictures of the houses and bridges of Bruges and Venice clearly show his extreme pleasure and skill in using a palette knife. Paris is lovely, but painters like a change sometimes, so Mr. Bodley, who has worked there for years with great success, has come back to live in London. He has another show on in New York; and is represented in various public museums; last year M. Corbin decorated him with the Legion of Honour for his achievements. In the next room we have the Russian Soutine—very well known in Paris, but not here till now. I wondered who would buy a great side of beef—one of his *chefs d'œuvre*! I then thought of the lovely painting of a juicy sirloin Poiret showed at the Leicester a few years ago. Though this was entirely different in treatment. Looking round at the swing and swirl of Soutine's paint, and hunting for spiritual parallels I thought, probably wrongly, of Matthew Smith (hot colour) and El Greco (elongated torsos). Soutine was a great friend of Modigliani, which perhaps explains some of my reactions. He is, at any rate, extremely interesting, and his feverish work is in direct contrast to the tranquil charm of his neighbour, Josselin Bodley. You experience the bracing effect of having two closely adjacent contrasting exhibitors.

. . .

The presence of the Duke and Duchess of Kent added Royal glamour to the special Coronation Concert with which the Royal Philharmonic Society concluded its winter season at the Queen's Hall last Thursday night. The programme was specially selected from British composers, beginning with Arnold Bax's "Overture to a Picaresque Comedy" which shows this complex composer in a livelier and more popular vein than usual. This was followed by the first performance of an early suite, "Florida," by Delius, composed when he was still a student at Leipzig about 1887. It is a charming work showing how certain Delius's orchestral sense was at the early age of twenty-five. "Florida" is, indeed, more pleasing than many of his later works, for it is less mannered and has a more straightforward structure. Another novelty was Dr. Vaughan Williams's "Flourish for a Coronation," with words taken from Kings, Chronicles and the 136th Psalm, Chaucer and an Old Song. This carefully selected conglomeration of text is set with consummate skill for choir, orchestra and organ, and is undeniably effective. Sir Thomas Beecham conducted with great gusto throughout

On the same night Franz Osborn and Max Rostal gave a Sonata recital at the Wigmore Hall. These two admirable artists played the Brahms Sonata in D minor, the Mozart in B flat major, and the famous Beethoven Kreutzer Sonata magnificently. A finer performance of the Kreutzer has seldom been heard, and the unflagging *élan* and brilliance with which they played the celebrated Presto was simply breathtaking. The audience included the violinist, Lisa Mignetti, Mrs. Kenneth Barnes, and Miss Diana and Miss Griselda Gould, the former having a free evening from her work with the Markova-Dolin Ballet.

. . .

The temperature at Sandown for the Gunners' Meeting wasn't as Arctic as we feared. Lady Violet Vernon, one of the smartest of our very-young-marrieds, looked well in a "woolly lamb" fur coat; and Mrs. Osborne (Primrose Salt that was) and Miss Diana Clarke proved that the knitted wool cap can be highly becoming. MARIEGOLD.

The HON. RICHARD BEAUMONT, *second son of Lord and Lady Allendale, chatted with* **MRS. DAVID HENEAGE** *at the reception after the marriage of Mr. Nigel Seely and Miss Isabella Rieben.*

SIR JOHN *and* **LADY SMILEY** *are shown walking along Piccadilly towards Lord Allendale's house for the reception after the marriage of Mr. Nigel Seely and Miss Isabella Rieben.*

DR. MALCOLM SARGENT, *the distinguished conductor, and* **MRS. SARGENT** *were guests at the Seely-Rieben wedding.*

The **HON. PATRICK SEELY** *came with his fiancée,* **MISS VAN HAEFTEN**, *to the wedding of his cousin, Mr. Nigel Seely.*

MR. *and* **MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY** *are seen arriving at the reception after the Seely-Rieben wedding.*

Maggie (CAROLE LOMBARD), *having got mixed up with the fortunes of Skid, the trumpet-player* (FRED MacMURRAY; *left*), *and Harry* (CHARLES BUTTERWORTH), *tries to help them to bring order into their Bohemian home.*

"SWING HIGH, SWING LOW" WITH CAROLE LOMBARD AND FRED MacMURRAY.

"SWING HIGH, SWING LOW," *the new Paramount picture at the Carlton, is a gay, high-speed comedy set among charming, casual cabaret artists.* DOROTHY LAMOUR *is Anita Alvarez, the Spanish dancer.*

Skid (FRED MacMURRAY) *and Maggie* (CAROLE LOMBARD) *leave their ship to see Panama City, but they have to stay on.*

Skid (FRED MacMURRAY) *and Harry* (CHARLES BUTTERWORTH) *want to make Maggie comfortable in their house. They start to move a bed for her, but, as they 're a bit short of sleep, they just drop off in a doze!*

CAROLE LOMBARD — TRUMPETER'S GIRL OF "SWING HIGH, SWING LOW."

CAROLE LOMBARD'S latest rôle is that of Maggie King, the girl who loves Trumpeter Skid Johnson (Fred MacMurray), in "Swing High, Swing Low," the new Paramount picture at the Carlton. It's a high-speed, humorous modern romance with a happy ending.

XXVII. — THE RACE IS TO THE SWIFT.

Speed-merchant SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL has just written a book called "The Peril in the Air." It features the Continental race for air power and British "dilly-dallying."

CARICATURE BY ERNEST FORBES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FAYER OF VIENNA, DORLAND HOUSE.

A BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE VISCOUNTESS.

VISCOUNTESS CURZON *is the wife of Viscount Curzon, only son of Earl Howe and of Mary, Countess Howe. She is the only child of Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall; and her marriage to Lord Howe's heir was one of the outstanding events of the 1935 season. She is a sparkling brunette, in contrast to her beautiful mother-in-law, who is a typical English blonde.*

LADY VICTORIA MARGARET ("PEGGY") CAVENDISH - BENTINCK.

TRAIN-BEARERS FOR THE QUEEN AT THE CORONATION.

SIX ladies will act as train-bearers to her Majesty the Queen at the Coronation. It was recently announced that these included Lady Iris Mountbatten, Lady Ursula Manners, and Lady Elizabeth Paget, and it will be remembered that we recently published portraits of these three. The other three names have now been announced and are Lady Victoria Margaret ("Peggy") Cavendish-Bentinck, younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Titchfield, and granddaughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland; Lady Elizabeth Percy, elder daughter of the late Duke of Northumberland, and sister of the present holder of the title; and Lady Diana Legge, third daughter of the Earl of Dartmouth.

LADY ELIZABETH PERCY

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE]

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

A TRAIN-BEARER FOR THE QUEEN AT THE CORONATION.

LADY DIANA LEGGE, *third daughter of the Earl of Dartmouth, will be one of the train-bearers to the Queen at the Coronation. She is a direct descendant of Admiral George Legge, Lord Dartmouth, the famous Admiral who was in charge of the expedition to Tangier in 1683 for its evacuation. Lord Dartmouth has lent a painting of this operation to the National Maritime Museum which the King will open on April 27, after having proceeded to Greenwich in State by water. Lady Diana Legge is engaged to the Hon. John Hamilton-Russell, third son of Viscount Boyne, and a nephew by marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Royal.*

FILM STARS AND THEIR FAMILIARS O
AT PLAY WITH THEIR

LENDA FARRELL, *the Warner Brothers star, is one of the discriminating* eople *who understand the subtle charm of the Siamese cat. Her pet is called Tiki. It was eight weeks old when this portrait was taken.*

PAULETTE GODDARD *is a sports girl as well as a screen star, and owns a jolly "hearty" pet, the Bedlington terrier, Punch.*

ESMÉ PERCY, *the well-known stage star and screen actor, owns a cocker spaniel who is his inseparable companion.*

CLARK GABLE, *the M.-G.-M. star, is a horsey man. He's posed with his favourite thoroughbred, Beverly Hills.*

ON THE HOME SET: PICTURE PEOPLE HOUSEHOLD PETS.

ANN DVORAK, *the Warner Brothers star, is devoted to her two cocker spaniels, who enjoy a swim as much as she does.*

WARREN WILLIAM, *a big personality of Warner Brothers pictures, owns a wire-haired terrier, Jack, with perfect table manners. Jack can suck his milk through a straw.*

IAN HUNTER, *the Warner Brothers star, shares with many distinguished people an enthusiasm for cats. His pet is a fine Siamese.*

WILLIAM POWELL *owns a particularly well-bred and handsome collie, who often accompanies him to the picture studios.*

EDITH EVANS AS THE SHREW ON A PANTO. HORSE AND LESLIE BANKS AS A "FLAWLESS" PETRUCHIO.

Claud Gurney's production of "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW," at the New Theatre, is full of tricks and pranks and good fun and is a brilliant success. Here Sly (ARTHUR SINCLAIR; centre), who is on the stage all the time, watches the players from the great bed, in company with a Lord (EDGAR NORFOLK) and his Mock Wife.

LESLIE BANKS is the dashing Petruchio and gives a performance which the "Times" critic calls "flawless." Here he is refusing to proceed till Katharina (EDITH EVANS) agrees that the sun is the moon. Note the "pantomime" horse (J. SPROLL and RICHARD BEAMISH).

"Nay, but I will not go." EDITH EVANS, as Katharina, is putting up the last show of her famous self-will against Petruchio (LESLIE BANKS).

Right: And here the Shrew has hauled down her bold piratical colours! Katharina (EDITH EVANS) has surrendered to the dashing Petruchio (LESLIE BANKS).

EDITH EVANS, as *Katharina*, mounted on the magnificent pantomimic steed which is one of the inspired features of the production. The animal is played by J. SPROLL and RICHARD BEAMISH.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

CAMERON — GRANT - STURGIS: FIRST OF THE AFTER-EASTER WEDDINGS.

MR. PATRICK *and* MR. ROBIN GRANT-STURGIS, *brothers of the bride, are seen with* MISS CHOLMELEY-HARRISON.

MISS SUSAN BLIGH *was one of the bridesmaids. She is with* MR. P. SUMMERVILLE.

MISS DIANA BETHELL, *daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Beck, was one of the bridesmaids.*

Left: MISS NIRA PEARS *and* MISS DIANA MILLS *are shown arriving at the reception.*

LADY O'NEILL *was photographed with* SIR MARK GRANT-STURGIS, *father of the bride.*

The marriage of MISS PAMELA GRANT-STURGIS, *daughter of Sir Mark and Lady Rachel Grant-Sturgis, to* MR. ALLAN A. CAMERON, *second son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Allan Cameron, was solemnised at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, and was the first important society wedding after Easter. The lovely young bride wore a close-fitting dress of white crêpe with a high cowl neck. There were eight grown-up bridesmaids, including Lady Ann Stuart-Wortley, the Hon. Nefertari Bethell, and Miss Rosamond Broughton, and one page, Ian Cameron.*

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PICTURE STARS: "SHIRLEY TEMPLE AND THE ARTIST"—FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.

THIS delightful self-portrait of SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A., in conversation with the famous film star MISS SHIRLEY TEMPLE, was painted during his visit to Hollywood, and roused much interest when exhibited at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters show last year. Sir John stated that when he had posed Shirley as he wanted her for his portrait she gave him the Hollywood O.K.: "I'll hold it, Sir John." The child star, by the way, was one of the few Hollywood celebrities who invariably addressed him by his correct title, and did not use the unorthodox U.S.A. style of "Sir Lavery."

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.
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The COUNTESS OF RADNOR is a keen sportswoman and recently accepted the Joint-Mastership of the Wilton Hunt, with Major A. E. Phillips, for next season.

The COUNTESS OF RADNOR, wife of the seventh Earl and tenth Baronet, is here posed in the Long Gallery of Longford Castle, the superb Wiltshire seat of her husband. Longford, which was built in the sixteenth century, is a three-cornered pile, with a triangular courtyard in the centre (now roofed over). It was designed to symbolise the Trinity. It contains many art treasures and numerous famous pictures.

THE CHÂTELAINE OF A THREE-CORNERED CASTLE AT HOME.

This magnificent carved overmantel is one of the glories of Longford. Lady Radnor, who is seated before the fireplace, was Miss Helena Olivia Adeane, and is a daughter of Mr. C. R. W. Adeane, of Babraham Hall, Cambridge.

Lord and Lady Radnor have a family of six. They are VISCOUNT FOLKESTONE (b. 1927), the HON. REUBEN PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE (b. 1930), and the LADIES JANE, BELINDA, PHŒBE, and HARRIOT PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE, born in 1923, 1925, 1932, and 1935 respectively. They are clever amateur actors, and at Christmas entertained the tenants and members of the family to a show staged by Lady Radnor.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

WHAT shall we do with Christopher Sly? In this new version of "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" at the New, Mr. Claud Gurney, the producer, has broken new ground. When Shakespeare flung off this ramshackle piece for the theatre, he implied a challenge in his induction which has been the problem of presentation and the opportunity of production. Here Sly is not parked in the orchestra, or in a box as an embarrassing etcetera, but boldly enthroned on the stage itself, watching the fabric of his drunken dream, and by an ingenious shift and neat transposition of text, Sly becomes the pedant. It is a warrantable confusion in such a phantasmagoria, and not the strictest purist could seriously object to the editing of a farce *sans* poetry and *sans* distinction, save that it affords good scope for acting, and its swift encounters are magazines of fun. Besides, any excuse is good enough when that rare Irish actor, Mr. Arthur Sinclair, is permitted thereby to

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW," *at the New Theatre. Here you see the Way of a Shrew. Katharina* (EDITH EVANS) *will not take "Kate" from Petruchio* (LESLIE BANKS).

strut the stage like a Paycock, a tinker in an embroidered nightgown, a rogue in a palace, and the comic commentator of a riotous jest.

Everything on this stage is at odds with itself. Miss Doris Zinkeisen has designed settings, costumes, and decorations that have the glamour of pageantry, and her vistas, seen beyond the columned arches, are truly beautiful, adding what the playwright omitted—sensibility. The scenes move swiftly and continuously, each full of pictorial surprise. There are other elaborations foreign to Shakespearean tradition; ancient and modern jostle in incongruous company. Ballet arranged by Mr. Hedley Briggs indulges in grotesque masks and fantastic steps; a pantomime horse capers and prances an eccentric dance to the music of Mr. Richard Addinsell; richly caparisoned scene-shifters move furniture on command; and the final episode suggests the corridor outside the bedrooms of a present-day hotel.

All this is fantastication, whimsical and pantomimic, providing an animated and attractive *milieu* so long as it is subordinated to the farce itself; and this is dependent on the pace and vitality of the playing. There is no drag when Miss Edith Evans and Mr. Leslie Banks make their entrance. This is the Shrew that Shakespeare drew—a virago indeed, and yet a woman. Miss Evans's transformation from the cold, sullen, tempestuous vixen into "sweet Kate" is brilliantly done. Her movement is swift, her rebellion mocks and glitters, and her acceptance is a delight of comedy. Out of the raw text she imaginatively creates within the frame of the play a Kate for happiness in the "mad marriage." There is a splendid match in the dominating, gay, and irresistible Petruchio of Mr. Leslie Banks. His attack has dash and his spirited wooing is always saved from coarseness. To watch these two masterly executants scoring and counter-scoring is a reward of the theatre. The charming Bianca of Miss Elspeth Duxbury is the focus of an intrigue which brings Mr. Anthony Ireland, Mr. Ronald Simpson, Mr. Alec Clunes, and Mr. Frederick Lloyd into its orbit, each contributing light-hearted yet well-defined sketches. Nor must I forget the amiable clowning of Mr. Mark Daly in a company where none give a poor performance. Pageantry and pantomime combine with wild farcical adventure in a fantastication which gives the piece a new lease of life and offers lively entertainment.

This is our way of suggesting that the author (Will Shakespeare—in case you are uncertain) would also be very pleased with the horse in "The Taming of the Shrew," at the New Theatre. The horse (MESSRS. SPROLL *and* BEAMISH) *carries Christopher Sly* (ARTHUR SINCLAIR) *most nobly.*

It is probably true to say that Mr. Charlot has forgotten more about revue than most other producers ever learned. That is why I cannot but think that in this new non-stop venture at the Vaudeville, carrying its own implication of the type of entertainment presented in its title, "STARS AND STRIPS," he is addressing a particular audience. Unlike his characteristic revues, this show possesses no co-ordinating idea; deliberately so, for it is devised so that one may drop into, or out of, the audience at will. There are flat patches, especially in some of the immature sketches and obvious dialogues, and it employs all the stock-in-trade of this variety of amusement—torture and paradise scenes. But there are high-lights too. Miss Phyllis Stanley is always welcome, whether she is dancing or singing, for she is both charming and talented. "Dancing in a Minor Key," with music by Mr. Nat Ayer, is a little gem of its kind. Mr. Douglas Byng introduces no fresh material, but still contrives to be amusing with the familiar. There is a pleasing ballet, "Darkness and Light"; a first-rate turn in Mr. Larry Kemble, fooling on bicycle and ladder; a hearty couple of street singers, Rhodes and Goodman, and, taken according to the measure of continuous variety, the standard of the show is good enough.

The new show, "SWING IS IN THE AIR," with Jack Hylton and his Band providing the centrepiece of a full programme at the London Palladium, has, what we expect to find in a George Black production—spectacle, variety, and speed. One misses some familiar faces, but we are grateful for Flanagan and Allen with their ripe fun. A Palladium show would hardly be complete without them. The newcomers include Frank Libuse, a musical eccentric, *capable de tout*; Wilbur Hall, who does astonishing things with a fiddle; and Roy Smeck with his guitar. Jane Moore and Billy Revel contribute burlesque dances, and the Three Slate Brothers' slapstick finds an audience; Alfredo, in his impersonations, and the Sherman Fisher Girls make welcome contributions. Jack Hylton's band is full of clever executants, and their repertoire covered the span of popular dance music. Personally I might enjoy it on a dance floor, but on the stage, in spite of its clever presentation and dexterous performance, I find this music "something too much." I ought to add that, judging by the evident appreciation, I was in the big minority.—G. F. H.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page xii.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

MONUMENTAL in conception and realisation, impressive in its Biblical simplicity of statement, the story of peasant life in China lifted from the pages of Pearl Buck's famous novel, "THE GOOD EARTH" (Palace Theatre), strides across the screen against mighty backgrounds whose realism often reaches the complete actuality of a documentary film. The picture, which owed its inception to the late Irving Thalberg and on which a half-million pounds was spent, took over three years to make in China, and in Hollywood. Its size, its courage, and the integrity of its direction and interpretation lift it far above the ordinary run of cinematic drama. Albeit, as an entertainment it will probably arouse heated controversy for many months to come. Personally, I felt its undeniable power to be undermined by its joylessness. The theme of the Chinese peasant's dependence on his land, to which the young farmer, Wang, and his submissive wife, O-Lan, cling in the teeth of tragic adversity, is developed on a note that does not expand to the friendlier harmonies of man at one with Nature. Storm, drought, flight from famine to a town wracked by revolution, and the colossal climax of fierce battle with a plague of locusts, make up a tale of bitter struggle, grimly accepted by Wang and borne with mute fortitude by the patient O-Lan, who, in the end, dies as unobtrusively as she has lived, whilst the husband whispers "You are the land."

Paul Muni's study of the simple-minded, easily bewildered peasant is finely carried out. More vulnerable than his wife, and prone to swagger in success, he is at once more lovable and less remote than Luise Rainer's O-Lan, whose stoicism seems, at times, closely akin to obtusity. These two dominate the action of a picture that has in it the elements of greatness to which personal demands or reaction must defer.

In "DARK JOURNEY," at the London Pavilion, Victor Saville, expert in espionagedrama, builds up an elaborate edifice of plot and counterplot mainly in Stockholm, but with branches in Paris and on the high seas. The journey through its intricate corridors is dark indeed, and I must confess that at frequent intervals I lost my way completely. The heroine, Madeleine, poses as a dressmaker whose models from Paris are artfully trimmed with code messages destined for the ears of the German secret service. It presently emerges, however, that on the principle of "set a spy to catch a spy" she is not working for Germany, but for France. Her ramified activities then become so involved that the wisest thing to do is to sit back and enjoy the director's well-created atmosphere of dangerous mystery, the picture's technical polish, an exciting battle between German U-Boat and British Q-Boat, Conrad Veidt's smooth and charming portrait of a gallant German spy, and, above all, Vivien Leigh's clear and lovely performance of the heroine. Miss Leigh rises to a stellar part with all the poise of an experienced star. She has intelligence and beauty, and uses both to the best advantage in a picture which balances its lack of clarity by the excellent invention of its detail and the nicely handled romance that finally breaks down the barriers of nationality.

"WINTERSET" (Regal), adapted from a New York prize play, is a drama of obsessions set in a rain-sodden, shadow-haunted slum where death lurks in dark corners and even the jingle of a barrel-organ is banned by the police. The bulk of the story is concerned with the aftermath of a miscarriage of justice which has sent an innocent man to the electric chair. Fifteen years later, his son, determined to clear his father's memory, seeks fresh evidence in the slums. Hither, too, come the judge, desperately groping for justification of his sentence, and the actual killer, bent on securing silence with his gun. Directed by Alfred Santell, this tale of terror has a dark and bitter quality that would, and should, have avoided melodrama were it not for the continual use of "background music." The misplaced orchestral accompaniment blunts the drama's edges and intrudes sentimentally into an atmosphere of tragic violence. It is the more to the credit of the actors, drawn from the original cast, that they succeed in cutting through the obfuscating music. In a company of unusual interest two performances are outstanding. Eduardo Cianelli's ruthless killer is an incisive study of cruel and implacable purpose, and the part of the young man, a Hamlet of the tenements, obsessed by his father's fate, brings to the screen a new *jeune premier*, Burgess Meredith, whose work is fine-drawn, reticent and imbued with an instinctive sense of cinematic values.

The story of "SWING HIGH, SWING LOW" (Carlton), in which Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray are once more happily teamed, opens effectively in the unusual setting of the Panama Canal before it settles down in a familiar groove. Miss Lombard is heading for marriage with a rich rancher, when she is sidetracked by the enterprising Mr. MacMurray and misses her boat. Together the two embark on a vaudeville career, for the hero blows a pretty trumpet. Propelled by his partner, now his wife, he rises to fame on Broadway. The usual vamp and the usual misunderstanding lead to divorce, the trumpeter's plunge into alcohol and oblivion, and a triumphant "come-back" with the help of his still devoted ex-wife. Handsomely staged in tropical Panama and in New York, the picture is resourcefully directed by Mitchell Leisen and is at its best in the earlier chapters, wherein the romance of the work-shy playboy and his chance companion is developed with humour. The stars invest a conventional subject with their own intelligence and vitality, whilst Mr. MacMurray's surprising trumpet swings high and melodiously, and a spatter of smart lines enlivens the dialogue. A polished production on decorative lines, "Swing High, Swing Low" cannot lay claim to much dramatic tension, but it fulfils its purpose of pleasant and tuneful entertainment

Petruchio (LESLIE BANKS) is seen arriving in motley tatters to wed the Shrew in the New Theatre production. We throw in another sketch, showing the modern equivalent of this attire, in order to make the point clearer to any dolts who may be among us.

HORTENSE RAKY, *who plays Leni, the heroine of* " BURGTHEATER," *due at the Academy on April 15, is Willy Forst's latest discovery. She is eighteen.*

Rainer (WILLY EICHBERGER) *acts Romeo so ardently to the Juliet of Baroness Seebach* (OLGA TSCHECHOWA) *that she thinks he is in love with her.*

Right: Rainer (WILLY EICHBERGER, *who is known in England as* CARL ESMOND) *is dismissed from the Burgtheater, and determines to end his life.*

YOUTH ALWAYS WINS! THE VIENNESE DRAMA "BURGTHEATER."

"BURGTHEATER" is the initial effort of "Forst-Film-Vienna," the new company launched by Willy Forst, the famous director of "Maskerade," "Unfinished Symphony," and "Mazurka." Its première is fixed for April 15 and the run at the Academy starts on the following day. The cast is headed by Werner Krauss, the veteran German actor, and includes the new star, Hortense Raky. The story is based on the Faustian theme of Age's desire for renewed Youth and the inevitability of Youth's triumph. The young actor must replace the old, and the girl must choose Youth rather than Age—even famous age. Excerpts from Goethe, Schiller and Shakespeare are introduced and link up naturally with the drama.

Mitterer (WERNHER KRAUSS) *mistakenly imagines that Leni* (HORTENSE RAKY) *has brought flowers for him.*

IN THE CASBAH AT THE CURZON: "PEPE LE MOKO."

"PEPE LE MOKO," the new French film, due for its gala première at the Curzon on April 14, is set in the Casbah, the native quarter of Algiers, a new film décor. Here Slimane, the native detective (LUCAS GRIDOUX), *is with Gaby* (MIREILLE BALIN; *centre*).

Gaby (MIREILLE BALIN) *is attracted by Pepe le Moko* (JEAN GABIN). *Slimane* (LUCAS GRIDOUX) *uses her to entrap the "wanted" man.*

"PEPE LE MOKO," the remarkable new French film directed by Julien Duvivier, is having a gala première at the Curzon on April 14 in aid of Mrs. Dudley Ward's Feathers Clubs for Children. The action of the film is set in the Casbah, the native quarter of Algiers, which is inaccessible to the police. Pepe le Moko (JEAN GABIN), who is wanted by the Parisian authorities, is the leader of the outlaws of the Casbah, and through the guile of the native detective, Slimane (LUCAS GRIDOUX), and the charms of Gaby (MIREILLE BALIN) he is lured to his fate.

Left: Gaby (MIREILLE BALIN), *the fascinating Parisienne, with Pepe le Moko* (JEAN GABIN).

Slimane (LUCAS GRIDOUX), *the native detective, has succeeded in "getting" Pepe le Moko* (JEAN GABIN).

Pepe le Moko (JEAN GABIN) *is the leader of the criminal population of the Casbah. He is with Carlos* (GABRIEL GABRIO).

Right: Pepe le Moko (JEAN GABIN) *loses his liberty for love of Gaby* (MIREILLE BALIN).

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

A HALO of romance, however faint, surrounds the uneasy heads of most monarchs, past or present; but it is notorious that the strongly-marked features of the first four Georges receive little flattery from this adventitious glow. George II. on the field of Dettingen perhaps comes nearest to enjoying it. "The Little Captain" was "a man entirely without graces," Mr. Vulliamy tells us, in "Royal George", "and was never widely popular" he had, a contemporary remarked, "all the weaknesses of a little mind without any of the virtues, or even the vices, of a great one." But on the battlefield, facing the enemy's guns—the last of our Kings to do so—he had his hour of glory.

The solemn child-study "FILLETTE À LA CHAISE" *is another of Modigliani's portraits on view. His restrained colour is sometimes oddly reminiscent of Botticelli.*

A show of Modigliani's paintings opens to-day at the Storran Gallery. "MADAME DE POMPADOUR," *from the collection of Paul Guillaume, is on view there. Modigliani was an Italian of Jewish origin; and, though he studied art in Paris, his work is mainly of Italian inspiration. He was both sculptor and painter.*

A Failure. George III., though he was long to reign over us, experienced few of the other blessings mentioned in the National Anthem. He was neither victorious, happy, nor glorious, at any rate for long or in a good cause. Indeed, his name is always associated with failure. It was in his reign that we lost the American colonies, and his policy was in a large measure responsible for their loss. It was his reign, too, that saw the victories of Wellington and Nelson, but for these he gets no credit; his mind was failing, or had already failed, when most of them were won. We think of him as a King who, in all the constitutional struggles of the day, was not only on the wrong but on the losing side. He tried to curtail the liberty of the Press, and was ignominiously defeated by Wilkes; he tried to govern England with a hired, packed Parliament, and after a period of success, disastrous to the nation, had to abandon the experiment. When he did get his way, it was generally by the meanest methods and with the worst results. He obstinately opposed Pitt's plan to grant relief to the Irish Catholics; and when it looked as though he might have to yield, "he used the fact of his illness 'to extort a promise which otherwise would never have been forthcoming.'" He was the despair of his Ministers, even of those who, like Lord North, existed to interpret his will; while as to Pitt, his early death may be in part attributed, we are told, to "the fretful, enervating and unresilient opposition of King George."

Signs of Neurosis. Mr. Vulliamy, with his lively, ironical mind, his acute sense of the ridiculous, and his personal impatience with the trappings of monarchy—of which Royal George was such a forcible-feeble exponent—could have made a much more damaging portrait of his subject had he allowed his pen the licence that Gillray permitted to his pencil. For various reasons, he restrains himself. First, no doubt from a sense of fairness; he is a serious historian and has the historian's conscience. And, arising out of that, from a respect for the King's malady. This respect was not shared by the King's contemporaries, civilised as many of them were—

> It is worth remembering, as a curious example of the variegated social texture, that most of these exquisite folk were greatly interested in the public execution of criminals, the public dissection of human corpses, the public exhibition of lunatics.

Mr. Vulliamy is far from holding up George III.'s lunacy to public ridicule. Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that it commands his sympathy more than does the behaviour of the unfortunate monarch in his saner moments. Sometimes, I think, he calls in the King's mental disorder to account for traits and preferences which need no such justification. For instance—

> He showed a neurotic desire to avoid people who were likely to engage him in serious conversation, greatly preferring the society of military men, elderly ladies, country folk or decorous clergymen.

Why should it be held a sign of neurosis to wish to talk to a decorous clergyman? Or, for that matter, to military men, elderly ladies, or country folk? I, and I am sure many of my readers, would welcome such a prospect for its own sake; and how much more if the alternative were a conversation with the tax-collector or the undertaker?—and we should be naturally indignant if any censorious person charged us with neurosis.

Modigliani's portrait of the brilliant French writer JEAN COCTEAU *is also shown at the Storran Gallery. The painter was a lover of the primitive and of caricature.*

The Reign of Wisdom and Virtue.

The fact is that though Mr. Vulliamy is sorry for the madman in King George, he is very much irritated by the monarch. He admits that "there was an honest confusion in his mind which identified the good of the country with his own will"; but he feels so strongly the mistakenness of that identification that he sees nothing but folly in the King's efforts to put it in practice. He gives a tender, touching picture of "Farmer George" at Windsor, simple, domestic, chatting with "country folk" about country pursuits; but the George III. of the King's Party arouses his unqualified disdain.

[Continued overleaf.

There was a little man
And he had a little gun
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead.

But he put his gun aside
When a Guinness he espied
And polished it off by the head, head, head.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.686

Continued.]

Indeed, his attitude towards the whole reign is sufficiently indicated by the ironical paragraph with which he ushers it in—

The period of Whigs in clover was coming to an end. A new King had arisen to govern faithfully the English people, thanks to a dear mother, a dear friend, his own obstinate ambition, and—of course—the Almighty.

And, a little later—

So the reign of wisdom and virtue settled rather heavily upon an unprepared, perhaps unworthy, nation; producing in nearly every class an appropriate form of discontent and revolt.

I am not competent to say whether Mr. Vulliamy's *parti pris* may not colour a little unfairly his account of the reign of George III. It certainly, I think, affects his estimate of Dr. Johnson, and perhaps also of Wilkes, whose sensational experiments in dissoluteness receive no censure, but almost praise; whereas "a tendency to be involved in scandals" is held, by implication, to be a fault in the Duke of York and other persons with whom the author is not in sympathy. Mr. Vulliamy is apt to forget that, in the sphere of moral judgments, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. He makes fun of the King's fanatical reliance on "principles" and his contempt for intelligence, and the events of the reign certainly justify him; but surely he differentiates too sharply between them, and also identifies "principles" too closely with political reaction and obstructionism? However, every writer must have his prejudices, and Mr. Vulliamy's certainly add to the readability of his book. And there are times when, without losing any of his point, he shelves them, and lets himself enjoy, without criticism, the high lights of the eighteenth-century scene—

It was a period of illuminated gardens, of masque and allegory. Coloured lamps floated on the water, glimmered in the dark shrubberies or made a soft intricacy of light among the columns of a little temple in the trees. A music of harps and of echoing horns charmed a company of strolling ladies and gentlemen at twilight. In damp and obscure grottoes a solemn tableau or the appliances of a hermit contrasted oddly with a flashing of crystals or rocky spars. When Princess Amelia visited Stowe, or Lady Temple visited Hagley, fairies and elves appeared in the park, or Muses and Graces on some ridiculously beautiful hill of Apollo.

For some reason, we of this generation have a nostalgia for the art of life as practised by the fortunate few in the eighteenth century. Mr. Vulliamy shares it, and well he knows how to convey its enchantment.

Josselin Bodley's painting of "CULWORTH DEANE CHURCH" is one of a group of pictures he is showing at the Leicester Galleries. Others are of Bruges, Venice, and the Basque country. Generally, he uses a palette knife on stucco walls; and takes a brush, with the infinite care of a pre-Raphaelite, for trees and railings. He has painted in Paris for many years; but is English—a descendant of the Bodley of Bodleian Library fame.

"Royals Free."

Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt is nothing if not versatile. "Royals Free" is a story of the sea and of Jimmy Crowther, who ran away from a cramped life at home to indulge in sailing-ships his passion for adventure. However ignorant he may be of all things nautical, sex-prejudice is apt to make the male reader suspicious when a woman takes the helm; she will, he thinks, mix the bowsprit up with the rudder, as did those eccentric navigators in "The Hunting of the Snark." For all I know, Mrs. Mordaunt may be guilty of some such solecism, but I can only say that to me her sailors' lore seems not only as complete, say, as Masefield's, but as convincing. Nor does she allow her triumphant mastery of technical terms, her pilot's familiarity with the shoals and currents of the Eastern seas, to deflect her from her story or her characters. The story is interesting, the characters, on the whole, well drawn. A tendency to overstatement is always noticeable in Mrs. Mordaunt's work; though she sees with her own eyes and records first-hand feelings, she does not forget that she is a novelist, and that for many novel readers penny plain is less welcome than tuppence coloured. When Jimmy and his companions are rescued in mid-ocean from their burning boat—

Jimmy would have given anything in the world to have gone down with the blazing vessel. And they were all more or less like this, hating their rescuers and everything to do with them, overcome with a sick nostalgia for the "Adam McAlpine," which had meant nothing to them.

One can believe that the shadow of such a thought may have entered the minds of the rescued crew, but surely not in this exaggerated form: relief must have predominated. Most of the portraits in the story—Jimmy's father, his mother, the querulous invalid, the God-fearing Captain Burton—are touched with caricature. Clarice, however, his first, but happily not his only love, is more natural, in spite of her snobbish artificiality; and Jimmy himself is a straightforward and likeable young man, for whom Fate held in store a future romantic beyond his expectations—though not beyond the reader's. "Royals Free" is a novel as far outside the ordinary run as were its hero's experiences; and that is saying a good deal.

"Candle Indoors."

Miss Helen Hull writes with a more serious intention. The adventures in "Candle Indoors" are—most of them—of the mind. Perhaps adventures is not the right word to describe the stages by which Arnold Carlton was transformed from a selfish widower (one gathers he was still more selfish as a husband) to a devoted parent whose three children (scarcely out of the nursery when the book begins, nearly grown-up when it ends) mean more to him than he means to himself. His children's illnesses and problems, his own misfortunes (he was hard hit by the slump), contributed to his development. He was a man who could only learn from experience; any advice from outside (*e.g.*, from Dr. Langley, the sensible sister-in-law whom he hated) was very badly received. It is hard to like him—rude in speech, arrogant in thought, a father of the old school, always (until his conversion) trying to catch his children out. Even his decision to keep them at home and supervise their education was due as much to pride and obstinacy (Dr. Langley had wished to be responsible for Frances) as to affection. His faults, like his virtues, are those associated with extreme self-reliance—a quality, it must be added, that never deserts him. Miss Helen Hull has written an imaginative, interesting, and thoughtful story, though it lacks the literary distinction we find in some contemporary American novelists.

"The Door Between."

Mr. Ellery Queen is growing older, and his increasing wisdom shows itself in a reluctance to indulge in the intellectual fireworks which tended to become tiresome in some of his earlier books. The strange secrets of "The Door Between" are laid bare with the help of imagination and common sense more than with that of specialised knowledge. The characters are good, too; Terry Ring has an impudent charm, Dr. Scott fills his rather unattractive rôle efficiently, and Inspector Queen and his myrmidons are as ruthless but not quite as rude as usual. The plot is excellent, and the explanations, when they come, much above the average. The method of the murder is exceptionally brilliant and original, though Mr. Ellery Queen's handling of the *dénouement* may be criticised as too Jesuitical. Nor, perhaps, does he sufficiently take into account the enormous difficulty of keeping a living person hidden and a prisoner.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Royal George. By C. E. Vulliamy. (*Cape; 12s. 6d.*)
Royals Free. By Elinor Mordaunt. (*Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.*)
Candle Indoors. By Helen Hull. (*Cobden-Sanderson; 7s. 6d.*)
The Door Between. By Ellery Queen. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)

Yellow, as Paris would have it this season, and rough textured as only a hand-knitted woollen can be. This coat and skirt has a detachable contrasting jabot and a bunch of bright-coloured poppies. Also in several multi-coloured effects from the Sportswear Salon 16 Gns.
Harrods
Harrods Ltd
London SW1

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

A TOURNAMENT season which promises to be historic in British golf opens this week at the beautiful Little Aston course, near Birmingham, where the final stages of the *Daily Mail* £2000 tournament will be decided. This is the first of the great national events which will be crowded into the next six months, with hardly a day when there is not some important competition to be contested by amateur and professional golfers. It is not alone the size of the fixture list which makes it important, but the fact that this Coronation year it is anticipated that a world-wide entry will be received for some of the major events, for there will be more welcome visitors to British links than ever before. I hope that some of our visitors will be successful here during the season and that they will carry away with them, not only the impression of happy days, but also reminders of their own prowess. The most important international contest is the biennial match for the Ryder Cup between professionals of Great Britain and the United States. There are great hopes that we may regain this trophy, which, strangely enough, has never been lost by the country in which the match has been decided. This match is a sporting event in the true sense of the word and played in the most amicable spirit, but, naturally, rivalry is keen, because it means so much to the professional golfer who contributes notably to the success of his team.

The MARCHIONESS OF WILLINGDON, *wife of a former Viceroy of India, presented the "Lord Brassey Cup" (given by her father) to* COLONEL R. A. D. BROOKS (3), *who beat Mr. T. F. Mitchell in the final of the Three-Days' Competition at the Royal Cinque Ports Club at Deal. Lord Brassey presented the challenge cup to the Cinque Ports Club for close competition twenty-eight years ago. The* MARQUESS OF WILLINGDON, *who is Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, is on the left.*

Britain's Professional Champion.

There is some analogy between this week's tournament and the Ryder Cup match. Soon the task of team-building will begin in this country, and current form combined with past achievement will provide the Selectors with some basis for their thankless task. It is highly probable that those who distinguish themselves at Little Aston will be included in Britain's team. It is a reliable guide, too, for it is one of the hardest competitions of all to win. Only one hundred professionals take part in this week's event; they are the survivors of more than four times that number who entered for the district events in all parts of the Kingdom. The winner can therefore justifiably claim to be "Britain's Professional Champion." Last year Alfred Padgham, the Open Champion, began a remarkable season of success by winning the first prize of £500 in this event by holing a putt of nearly three yards on the home green. Then he set a fashion among professionals which, too, has been copied by some amateurs—the valuable acquisition of the skill and the courage to hole "missable" putts; a habit that can be acquired by practice. Since his recent return from South Africa Padgham has not been quite so confident with his putter, probably having lost his sense of touch on the different greens he played on there. Consequently it will be surprising if Padgham wins again this year. Henry Cotton is also playing well and putting better than usual, but he fails to inspire confidence, while Percy Alliss, still one of the most accurate strikers of the ball through the green, makes one weep tears of anguish when he takes a putter in his hands. The player who wins at Little Aston will have to putt well, and it would not surprise me to see one of the young men succeeding. Apart from these, Alfred Perry, the Open Champion of 1935, and Charles Whitcombe will be among the favourites.

Why Not a Rule for Pitch Marks?

Apart from the instructional value to amateurs who watch tournaments of this kind, they have an educational value in regard to the sporting conduct of competitors. I have seen during the recent bad weather players taking an unkind "rub of the green" in the most sporting manner possible, a ball buried in soft ground or embedded in a waterlogged bunker being accepted as one of the fortunes of the game. But there is one "rub of the green" which I think all golfers will agree should receive the consideration of the Rules of Golf Committee. I refer to pitch marks on putting greens. Time and again recently I have seen players penalised because of an accurate pitch to the green, the ball having pitched a few yards from the hole and rebounded a few inches back from the pitch mark. Frequently there is a piece of turf standing almost an inch above the surface of the green, dead on the line of the putt. There is no rule which permits a player to improve the lie of his ball by repairing the green, and therefore it is necessary to putt over a miniature bunker with a mashie or an iron. It is no exaggeration to say that in such circumstances a player is sometimes thus penalised a stroke for an accurate stroke; which is definitely unfair. Invariably players who themselves have suffered in this respect take care that other competitors do not suffer similarly if they can help it for they immediately repair the green after they have holed out. I realise that only a green which is fairly soft can thus be cut up, but in these days, when water is laid on at most putting greens, they are frequently soft even in summer, and the question of the pitch mark is always liable to arise at short holes.

The marriage of MISS ISABELLA ELINOR RIEBEN, *the well-known golfer and daughter of Mrs. Rieben, of Celyn, Aberdovey, to* MR. NIGEL SEELY, *son of the late Sir Charles Seely, Bt., was solemnised at Christ Church, Mayfair. The bride formerly held the Welsh Women's Golf Championship title.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY FAYER OF VIENNA.

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: *The Illustrated* **Sporting and Dramatic** *News; Every Friday.*

I.18

when
"holding on"
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vitally
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call . . .

have you ever noticed
what
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comfort
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and
how
it helps you
tremendously
to keep
that
essential
grip on yourself?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

JOHN EVERARD

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY
OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

HERE'S a suit to carry you triumphantly through the first warm days. It is practical, it is gay, and it is the easiest thing in the world to buy, because all the details have been thought out for you.

The circular black skirt is made in a soft tweed, with a stitched belt at the waist. The short jacket is in an olive green hairy tweed, with breast pockets, and the separate cape, also in olive green, is shaped to fit the shoulders. Prices: suit, 5½ guineas; cape, 5 guineas.

The fabric gloves, dyed to exactly the same tone, cost 7s. 6d., and the felt hat is also dyed to match any of the new tweeds. You can see them all at Jaeger's, of 204, Regent Street, W.

There, among a host of other delightful things, they have the grandest house-coats and tailored dressing-gowns, which are so good that you'd win high marks in most of them even if you used them as formal evening coats.

BOOTH'S FIRST

IN THE GREAT "DAILY MAIL"
CORONATION COCKTAIL COMPETITION

It is a significant fact that every authentic and important cocktail contest in this country has, with but two exceptions, been won with

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BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED, 83-85 TURNMILL STREET, LONDON, E.C.1

Dorland

DANCE FROCK FOR A DÉBUTANTE with a COLOURFUL PERSONALITY.

OR, for that matter, for anybody else, since it has the distinction of complete simplicity, plus the charm of massed colours, heaped on black or coloured grounds in riotous profusion. In printed crepon, the dress is cut on Empire lines, with an inset curved band marking the high waist, and two little fall-over points at the neck. Two panels in the back of the skirt widen at the hem to form fan-shaped fullness. It costs 65s. and comes from the Débutante Department at Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford St., W.

The complementary coat just reaches the hips, and has wide revers, with full sleeves gauged at the shoulders. This costs 39s. 6d., and would look equally well with a plain frock, worn during the day as well as in the evening.

JOHN EVERARD

By Appointment

YARDLEY

Beauty Replacements from Bond Street
-in demand all over the world

Spring in Rotten Row, where every sun finds more clear Yardley complexions.

A Leaf from Nature's Beauty Book

Frankly, could your skin be improved now that you look at it in golden spring sunlight? Then let us tell you of the women everywhere who have banished complexion flaws simply by taking a leaf from Nature. She, wise creature, is now making smooth soft petals everywhere—by renewing the vital saps that feed them. And so with women—your roughened, aged skin is caused by the winter depletion of similar vital elements. To be beautiful, you must put them back again. That is the secret of the world-wide demand for Yardley beauty replacements. Not beauty substitutes—but simplified, lovely equivalents of the substances that function in a perfect skin. You may need more of one than another, so have your first treatments in the Bond Street Salon, if you can, to find out which ones you most lack. Otherwise you're safe—and so much lovelier—in following the post-winter treatment below. Send for the book "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street" to help you.

YARDLEY TREATMENT FOR EARLY SPRING

All Skins: *Liquefying Cleansing Cream*, for cleansing at night, equivalent to the non-greasy, cleansing oil in a perfect youthful skin. Oily and Normal Skins: Use after washing with Yardley English Lavender soap. All Skins: (in spring) *Skin Food*, to replace the skin's own depleted nutritive elements, at night. All Skins: *Toning Lotion*: for a morning face-bath. Normal and Dry Skins: *Complexion Cream*: with additional nutriment as a powder base. (Greasy Skins: *Complexion Milk*: for normal pore control). All Skins: *English Complexion Powder*, with special ingredients to withstand our trying English climate and protect our sensitive skins. Large sizes, Creams, Lotions, 7/6. *Cream Rouge*, 2/-, *Lipstick*, 3/-, *Eyeshadow*, 2/-. Obtainable at the better Chemists and Stores.

Creams and Lotions 3/6 EACH

FACIAL TREATMENTS USING THESE LOVELY REPLACEMENTS OF NATURAL BEAUTY IN THE YARDLEY TREATMENT SALON, 5/6, 10/6, 15/6.

33 OLD BOND STREET

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FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF

BLACK holds its own, even in a season of wild colour. But it must be black that has a touch of brightness somewhere. Here is a black hopsack suit, admirably cut, endlessly useful. The skirt has an inverted pleat at the back, and the jacket, lined with vivid green, has double-decker pockets to stress the slender waist. With it is worn a many-buttoned blouse in brilliantly printed crêpe-de-Chine. It is a Matita model. You can get it at any of the leading shops, or you can write to Matita, London, W.1, if you are in any difficulty.

WHAT, in these days, is a woman's most valuable asset—I mean from the point of view of appearances? A charming face, good hair, a lovely voice?—They are all important, of course. But they can be cultivated.

The one thing above all others that simplifies life for her is the possession of a slender, shapely figure. Fashion then becomes her ally, for there is no style she cannot wear, since age is no longer a matter of years, but of hips.

Think of the suits that have been designed for the spring and summer. Their air of jaunty simplicity—their little short jackets—their high breast pockets—their boleros and vivid belts. Nothing could be younger, more gay—if you can wear them. Think of the new evening frocks. Those that have sweeping skirts have moulded bodices, and those that are just slender sheaths must have little to hide.

SINCE prevention is always better than cure, it is obvious that the best time to begin to care for the figure is just when you're beginning to have one. But the trouble is that girls between the ages of twelve and fifteen are often inclined to be self-conscious, and they will, if left to their own devices, either constrict as tightly as possible the upper part of their body, or go without any brassière at all. Both are equally bad. The growing figure needs support, especially when a girl goes in for strenuous exercise; but it must be support without pressure. This is where the Kestos brassière is so helpful. Designed on a scientific "cross-way pull" principle it gives natural, correct support, and since it adapts itself to every movement of the body it gives a feeling of complete freedom.

NOT that the Kestos is only of benefit to the young. Unobtrusively, but with the utmost efficiency, it flatters any figure into youthful lines. Actually they have great sophistication, these Kestos models. They go out at nights, and they know all about the difficulties of dresses that are cut to the waist at the back. Their "Dual-Purpose" brassière is the one for such occasions, for it can be converted very simply to give an entirely backless line without lessening the support. Their Décolleté brassière has a strap which passes round the neck halter-fashion. Ideal for sunbathing.

Then there is the new fine net Kestos, which is as light and cool as a charm—and as effective. It costs 5s. 11d., and is a joy to wear.

But this is enough about figures. Enough, at any rate, for anyone except a mathematician!

LET'S think of beauty instead.—Now beauty is not only something that every woman owes the world; it is also a very delightful and profitable profession for any girl who has personality and charm. Neither does one need a long and arduous training to become an expert practitioner.

At 73, New Bond Street, W.1, there is the Academy of Beauty Culture, where, under the personal supervision of Mrs. Hartley, who runs it, one can take a complete course, which includes every sort of face treatment and massage, as well as a new system of slimming by electric massage—all in five months. Mrs. Hartley herself takes her subject very seriously. After attending a few establishments in London in her search for knowledge she went abroad and took a practical course in cosmetic chemistry under a very brilliant Dermatologist. Later she worked with a Viennese doctor in his clinic and went through a full course of anatomy, physiology, and facial manipulation. She also studied, under French doctors, the latest treatments for the permanent and safe removal of superfluous hair.

AFTER her girls are trained, and before she finds them—as she usually does—an interesting and lucrative job, she allows them to give beauty treatments in her salons. The charge is 10s. 6d. for a treatment which takes one hour and includes the cleansing, toning, and stimulating of the skin, any corrective treatment that may be required, and a marvellous masque for dry or for greasy skins. She uses the famous preparations of Dr. N. G. Payot, and does not reckon to make any profits out of these treatments given by students, since they enable them to gain confidence in themselves, after training.

You will congratulate yourself ever after if you go into her delightful salon some time and take one of these treatments. She has another which will transform flabby and discoloured arms—than which nothing is more ageing. It is a treatment which combines electricity and massage, in conjunction with reducing lotion and muscle tightener. Here again the charge is 10s. 6d., and the treatment takes one hour.

Isobel
70, GROSVENOR ST., W.1.
AND AT HARROGATE.
(Only Addresses).

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

THEY were standing in Lothbury, opposite to the recently unveiled statue on the Bank of England wall. "Rather impressive, I call that," said Our Stroller. "Dignified, and simple withal. Who is it ?"

"I forget his name," replied the broker. "He was an architect who had to do with the Bank of England about a century ago. Dignified it certainly is; a wholesome contrast to the ghastly things on the front of the Bank."

"You mean those men-figures in their hot-weather suits ?"

"I don't know what the weather was like on their birthdays. But this chap is fine."

"The sculptor worked on it for several weeks in the open air behind a small balcony that was covered over with a sheet. I believe he 's the artist who did that beautiful marble of Kitchener in St. Paul's Cathedral."

"While you 're on the job," remarked another man, "you might turn your artistic attention to the West End as well. There are some fairly crude statues there."

"None so bad as those above the Bank of England," persisted the broker. "Our War Memorial in the Stock Exchange is a fine piece of work: heavy, though."

"I 've seen it," said Our Stroller, walking with the other men up Capel Court. They entered the House, and stopped to look up at the massive monument, flanked by the life-size St. Michael and St. George.

"You mustn't quote me as your authority," said a Committeeman, "but I 've been told that St. George is feeling a bit of a draught."

"He 's very near the door," Our Stroller replied.

"I didn't mean that sort of draught. They say that he and St. Michael have had half a crown every Thursday on a change in the Bank Rate, ever since they were placed in position. St. George puts his money on a change, and, as you know, the Bank Rate has been two per cent. for nearly five years."

"I doubt if it will go on at two per cent. for another five. Money has to get dearer some day or other, and trade is bucking-up considerable some."

"The Cable and Wireless index makes a very good pointer to that. Strikes me as the hopefullest sign one can want of revival in the international situation."

"I wanted to buy Cable 'A,'" said Our Stroller, "three months ago, and this blighter put me off. Said that the traffic improvement at that time was a flash in the pan. I believed him——"

"You know perfectly well that you thought the same thing, and——"

"Yes, but the real trouble is that it was my wife who wanted to have a dash in Cable 'A,' so you can guess yourself—you are married, aren't you ?"

"Oh, yes; I 'm married. My poor old chap! What does she say ?"

"'A Coronation frock; and we 'll call it all square'; that 's her idea."

"It doesn't seem too unreasonable to me. A good deal depends, of course, upon her views as to the price of the frock."

"Says she leaves that to me."

"Sounds a bit ominous, doesn't it ? I shouldn't like that very much. What are you going to do about it ?"

"Leave it to you."

"Oh, thanks awfully. Do you mind telling me in what way ?"

"You connived at my getting into this mess. Now show me how I can make enough money to get out of it. With a bit over for me, too."

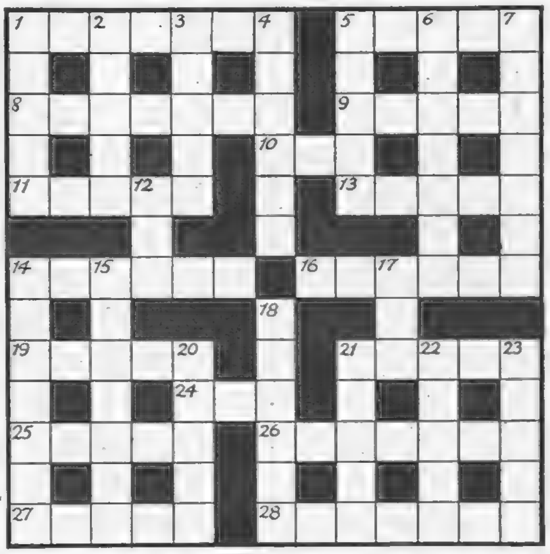
"Don't want much, do you ? If I knew for certain, do you think I should be such a fool as to stand here listening to other people ask me for the very thing I want myself ?"

"Ah, but you 're in the markets every day, so you must have a fairly good idea of what may happen."

"Oh, I 've got that idea all right. The trouble is that what we think is going to happen is so often falsified by what does occur. Even you can see that. Now, if—— Come round here, quickly. They 've spotted you."

He slipped round the back of the nearest pillar, and his client was lucky enough to follow without being stopped.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Aged masculine star provides instance of match not made in Heaven (7).
5. A kind of sofa to hold four (5).
8. Observation detects intermittent poetic strain in this parasite (4).
9. Forward! is the word on every side. Backward? No, no! Thus surrounded, I stand pat (5).
10. That young devil's very appearance suggests graft (3).
11. No easy chair for emperor in 1870 (5).
13. Fashion fluctuates in town; ——— goes up and down in the country (5).
14. Bannockburn a surprise for this king (6).
16. Can economy go further? Fur necklet helps to make a shoe (6).
19. Dean doesn't sound gloomy, but countrified (5).
21. Nocturnal monkey hides bird successfully (5).
24. Queer—not even left over! (3).
25. You may yet take to lowly couple which is attached to you (5).
26. "This for my bread," said Fie-foh-fum giant (7).
27. An "untouchable" in England (5).
28. Town recalls rhyme of cold plum porridge (7).

DOWN.

1. He registers grounds for combat (5).
2. Three sometimes this, especially for youth (5).
3. Part dying smoke, part steel trap in twist (5).
4. Beam of light plays about the unusual like an aura (6).
5. Lets fall part of gallows in duplicate (5).
6. Material, solemn, and permanent, if nun's (7).
7. From China, but not maid of it. Sounds keenly British in warp and woof (7).
12. Lest a Yankee give you this, don't do same to views unless he has a friendly ditto (3).
14. Not in bosom but on plains hereof lay victory (7).
15. Why bear these with No. 18 Down handy? (7).
17. Due to Laureate's official position (3).
18. Travelling between two, with relatives trailing after (6).
20. All like a good one (5).
21. Subsequently may become animal like glutton (5).
22. Routed by No. 26 Across and a bit over (5).
23. Canadian farm (5).

"Haven't I always begged you," demanded the broker with inexcusable heat, "not to raise your voice when you come trespassing in the House ? You might have got me severely censured."

"The severe censure will come from me if you don't tell me what——"

"Buy yourself some rubber shares."

"I did that, a fortnight ago."

"Ah, so you did. And if you were to sell them to-day, wouldn't the profit pay for the loss you made by not buying Cable 'A' in time to make a profit ?"

"A bit involved, aren't you ? Yes: they have gone up to some extent, but you wouldn't advise me to sell them, would you ? You have just this minute told me to buy rubber shares."

"And I mean it. Not that I 'm sure you will be able to sell them at a profit in time for the Coronation. Maybe you 'll have to hang on for a while."

"How long a while ?"

"How on earth do I know ? Say six to twelve months."

"That 's what I call investment. What I want is a speculation."

"These are not the times for speculation. Too many things make for uncertainty. Not enough buying power to keep the pot a-boilin'."

"If that 's the case, it should be moderately safe to sell a bear."

"But I was badly caught when I sold short of Nickels," and Our Stroller chuckled at the remembrance of this expensive entertainment.

Funnily enough, a man can get vexed and exasperated if he loses five-and-twenty pounds, and yet that same man can cut five hundred pounds without turning a hair. Why ? The psychologist of finance will perchance supply an answer.

"And you would have lost a lot more if you hadn't bought back those Nickels when you did."

"Half as much again," agreed our speculator. "My experiences as a bear have been none too happy, but it may be right to have another go on that tack. What are the general bull points ?"

"Plenty of money awaiting investment. So the papers tell us, anyway. I don't know that they are infallible guides."

"None of us are. But you wouldn't sell a bear of Nickels at to-day's price, would you ?"

"It might prove pretty costly. Can't say I like the Labour outlook in the United States, for all that."

"The copper position looks healthy. I rather fancy Anaconda."

"Same here," said a young dealer in the Yankee Market. "If you buy Anas, and put them away——"

"But I don't want to put them away." Our Stroller threw impatient emphasis upon the fourth word. "I 'm out for a flutter——"

"You 'll be out for a cert," his broker assured him, pushing him into a mild scrum that was in progress. "I did that," he explained later, "to save your unworthy life. A waiter had his eye on you."

"I nearly lost my neck," Our Stroller expostulated, feeling for the knot in his tie. "Please don't be so considerate another time. And you still haven't told me what I can do to make a Coronation frock."

"Ask Courtaulds: not me."

"Frock, I said, Sir. Frock. Don't you study the advertisements ?"

"You remind me of a tip I had the other day. It was to buy American Celanese. So far, I 've let them alone."

"They won't hurt you," a jobber remarked. "There ought to be a dollar or two in them."

"Why are British Celanese so dull ?" another asked. "At this time of year, they often have a spasm of activity."

"Nobody 's taking any interest in them. Speculation is too busy with other things. Copper; tin; rubber; oil——"

"I would sell some of my Rhodesian copper and take the big profit if I knew what to replace them with."

"They tell me that Spaarwaters are likely to have a run."

"Now, there 's a gamble, if you like! 'Good chances'? I dare say you 're right. When is the run coming off ? Before our May Day Walk ?"

"That remains to be seen. I never like to be too definite as to dates."

Our Stroller made a gesture of despair. His broker strode off into the market, came back and said he had bought a couple of Cable "A." "You can take them or not," said he. "I 've dealt 'subject.' So do what you like."

"Let 's toss for it. I 'll call to you. Sudden death. 'Woman.'"

The two men looked at the coin. The broker nodded to the jobber he had just approached.

They booked the bargain.

Friday, April 2, 1937.

This England . . .

The Malvern Hills.

A WINDBREAK of trees, planted a couple of centuries ago to shelter some simple dwelling, is a commonplace of our ripe landscape. So, too, do our villages nestle "underwind" in the friendly bosom of the hills. Difficult building that makes, and steep streets to climb, but we like our comforts in this England and will pay the price. For we will do battle with the elements year in and year out, but at the day's close we must have our old-fashioned comforts —and not the least of these is our glass of Worthington.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

TO-NIGHT I sat in the restaurant of Nairobi's latest and smartest hotel, watching men in dinner jackets and pretty women in evening dress dancing to an excellent band. A couple of nights ago I slept in a primitive mud hut in a native village where the men wore snake-skin purses like diminutive sporrans and the women, if married and respectable, a handful of grass in front and a switch of hair behind. Last night, sighing for hot baths and comfortable beds, we covered the 632 miles, from Butiaba, on the shores of Lake Albert, to Nairobi. On our way we had to stop twice while lions, asleep in the middle of the track, rose in dignified fashion and stalked slowly into the bush.

We also struck one of the worst roads I have ever encountered in twenty years of motoring in Europe, Africa and America. It is Kenya's contribution to the through route from North to South Africa, and consists of a cart-track waist-deep in grass, the bumpy surface of which has been churned into two ditches filled with slimy yellow mud. It is so narrow that bushes scratch the sides of the body, and if you think, as we thought, that you *must* have taken the wrong turning in the dark, you cannot turn round to retrace your steps, while you obviously cannot reverse for twenty-five miles!

Motorists in Nairobi were amazed when they heard that we had come from Butiaba in only 19 hours, if we exclude the leisurely dinner we enjoyed at Kampala and the still more leisurely breakfast we had at Nakurn. They were even more amazed when they heard that we had come all the way from England in what is the highest expression of automobile luxury—a Rolls-Royce "Phantom III." seven-seater limousine.

Although not setting out to make an especially fast run, we made excellent progress. I have already told of our run in five days and two hours from England to Nigeria across the scorching Sahara, but we also enjoyed a particularly good trip from Fort Lamy, in French Equatorial Africa, to Nairobi,

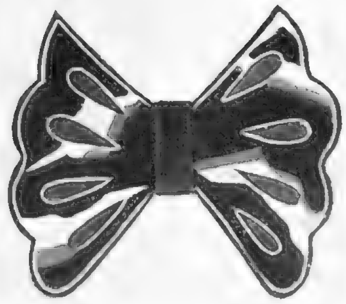
[Continued on page x.

MR. JOHN COBB, *the famous racing motorist, is here posed with his* HUDSON EIGHT-DE-LUXE SALOON. *He won the Broadcast Trophy at the Brooklands Bank Holiday meeting at 136·03 m.p.h., the fastest average speed ever attained in a Brooklands meeting, driving his Napier-Railton car from scratch.*

TRIUMPH COMPANY LTD., COVENTRY. London Showrooms: NEWNHAMS LTD., 40-41, BERKELEY ST., W.1

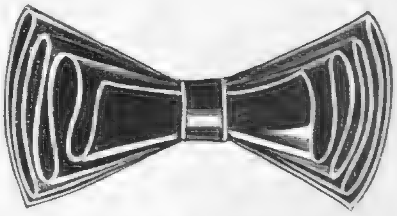
Double butterfly bow clip of black suede faced with patent leather; 8/6.

The classic* Court Shoe



Butterfly bow clip of stitched black patent leather and suede; 10/6.

Black patent leather, a perfect last—the Delman last, in fact—the classic beauty of the simple court shoe; these combined with a slender foot and ankle, clad in the sheerest of sheer silk stockings, are the smart woman's smartest springtime gesture. And, for variety this particular spring, Delman suggests the addition of pert and entertaining bows clipped on, not sewn, so that one may change them for occasion and changing mood.



Fluted bow clip of black kid-skin, faintly edged with white; 10/6.

* *Black patent leather court shoe, beautifully balanced, with high, snug arch and narrow, clinging heel; 65/-.*

DELMAN LIMITED

16, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

No. 4 of a series of Announcements dealing with Marshall & Snelgrove's. Centenary Celebration now proceeding.

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" The First Gentle-House in Europe."

Years of tradition have given Marshall & Snelgrove's the reputation of being the most reliable House in London. To-day, after a century of trading, this is as true as ever it was. Its tradition ensures the worth and quality of everything you buy at Marshall's.

TRADITION *is best seen in moments of stress. It is the finest antidote to panic, and during the past hundred years there have been critical events which have altered the fortunes of many businesses. But, throughout a century of trading, this House has steadfastly adhered to its policy of selling only the best.*

MANY *families follow the tradition of having an account at Marshall & Snelgrove's. The Centenary Celebrations provide a propitious moment to become acquainted with the House. If you manage your affairs on a monthly, quarterly, or half-yearly basis, you are invited to see how easily an account can be opened and how convenient one is to use.*

WHILST we owe much to our traditions, we are not fettered by them. A visit to the House during the Centenary Celebrations will show how up-to-date and efficient is the organisation. The showrooms represent the final word in good taste—every amenity to shopping is offered. There is a fine Restaurant, a Cocktail Parlour and Buffet—a Hairdressing department and Beauty Spa, a Theatre Ticket Bureau, in fact every possible convenience.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT
To those whose patronage and support have contributed to the achievement of this business we are deeply grateful.

"THE THRONE OF BRITAIN"
by Claud Golding. A complete history of the British Throne from the Early Saxon and Norman Kings published by Marshall & Snelgrove to commemorate their Centenary.
Price 6/- net.

ERMINE—the regal fur for a regal season. Marshall & Snelgrove's are showing an extremely beautiful collection, of which the two models illustrated are typical examples. On the extreme left is a white Russian Ermine Cape with a collar of Natural Mink, priced at 250 guineas. The plain white Russian Ermine Coat is 179 guineas.

New wine in old bottles is a bad combination, but new Spirit in an old Firm combines new ideals with the dignified traditions of former generations. A copy of the Centenary Catalogue (sent post free) will indicate the scope of the organisation.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

VERE STREET & OXFORD STREET ∙ LONDON ∙ W ∙ 1

A very becoming Dress in hand-printed crêpe-de-chine. Featuring the fashionable basque with crape satin collar and cleverly cut sleeves. Beautiful designs and colourings. 3 sizes. **7** GNS.

From the Inexpensive Dress Department, First Floor. Liberty & Co. Ltd., Regent Street, London, W.1. Tel. Regent 1234.

Liberty's

By Appointment.

SPRING IS SET FOR A BLOUSE VOGUE

"IYA." Tailored SPORTS SHIRT in a WASHING LYNTON. Can be worn with or without belt. In White, Cream, Dull Pink, Duck Egg, Maize, Pale Green or Blue **12/11**

O.S. fittings, 15/9

"IONA." Attractive COTTON COATEE of PIQUÉ patterned with coloured squares on White grounds. In Red/Navy or Brown/Green on White. S.W. and W. fittings. **35/9**

O.S. fittings, 39/6

"IVY." Becoming BLOUSE of Fancy CRÊPE-DE-CHINE, patterned in an artistic design. In various shades of Pink/Black, Beige/Brown, Saxe/Blue or Yellow/Brown. S.W. and W. fittings. **21/9**

O.S. fittings, 25/9

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Now Open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily.
Admission 2/4d. (including tax).
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Alfredo and his Gipsies. — Sydney Baynes Broadcasting Orchestra.

NEW SIX-FLOOR GARAGE FOR 1,200 CARS ADJOINS OLYMPIA

PERETTE. Essence of Spring! is an appropriate name for this adorable creation in Georgette. The finely kilted jabot and sleeve frills are edged with ecru lace. The neatly fitting neck-band is of hand-working. In a variety of lovely shades. Ivory, Beige, Blue and other shades to order only. S.W. and W. sizes. - - Price 29/6

SYLVIE. Representative of the present mode is this smart Evening Jacket. Made in embossed lacquered Cire in Gold and Black or Gold and White. Other shades to order. Wide revers, full sleeves, neat hip-line; all these are notable fashion points. This must complete your wardrobe. - - - - - . Price 3 gns.

Dickins & Jones Ltd.

Regent Street, London, W.1

Smile OVER THE MILES

WITH

Arch-Curve

FITTING

After a long day, do your feet cry out? Perhaps they have been badly treated. Perhaps only length and width were considered, when your ARCH CURVES should have been fitted too. They can be, in the smart new styles of Selberite Arch Preservers for this Spring. Then your feet will carry you over the miles, smiling. Incidentally, you would buy these shoes for their style-appearance alone, apart from their patented, scientific features.

Selberite ARCH PRESERVER SHOES

Look for this trade mark. All genuine Arch Preservers bear it.

SELBERITE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

300 Shops in the British Isles are authorised to fit and sell Selberite Arch Preservers. Write for list of them, with a catalogue of new styles for Spring, to

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD.

(London Office) 53 Regent Arcade House, Regent St., W.1

BY APPOINTMENT.

Model Gown

In crêpe ormonde, with sleeves of "rat-tail" embroidery in self material, which also borders the hem. In black and colours. Sizes 42, 44 and 46 $8\frac{1}{2}$ *gns.*
Size 48, 1 gn. extra.

(Model Gown Department)

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET, W.1
(Debenhams Ltd.)

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Summer Frocks

Girls Afternoon Frock in floral Art. Silk. This charming style has a full puff sleeve and the bodice and collar are trimmed with a fine pleating. Sizes : 38 to 46 lengths. In two tones of Green, Rose and White/Blue.

Price 49/6

Write for Catalogue of Girls Fashions.

Dickins & Jones LTD., REGENT STREET, W.1.

be perfectly dressed—by corot ... and pay at your leisure !

you must come to **corot** to experience the delights of perfectly tailored spring suits and coats and model frocks that say "bond street" in every lovely line.

only at **corot's** are you able to enjoy the **finer materials — perfect fit and inspired designing** which distinguish a **corot** model from all others—and whether you pay 2 or 15 guineas, the same generous **and confidential** instalment terms are available.

madam corot personally supervises every order received—and your **complete satisfaction** is her one desire.

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corot's new range of spring models will charm you with their beauty and originality of design. as a first step to **dress perfection** visit the corot showrooms, or post the coupon below for corot's latest portfolio of fashions.

"very best"

a bolero suit is "headline news" now, so choose this model in crêpe with a gaily printed blouse top on the dress

cash 4½ gns. 13/6 monthly

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a redingote type coat in a soft lainage is perfect when it is worn over a gaily printed crêpe dress. in many shades

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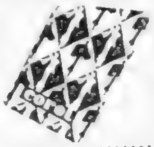

Maxproof is a new waterproof material that resists the heaviest continuous rain. Thornproof and untearable too, with strong hard-wearing properties, soft and yielding with a 'matt' finish. These garments have been specially designed for fishing and shooting. Obtainable at all good class men's shops. *Literature free on request to:* ED. MACBEAN & Co., Ltd., Wellington Mills, Glasgow, C.4.

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4629. "SNIP" Regd. Lightweight hat of finest fur felt. In all fashionable colours. 25/- Agencies everywhere.

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The Man who *knows* about Gin

In the Mess, he's always the one who keeps things going. He knows infallibly when the conversation must be attuned to the "low-brows" and when to the "high-brows"—and how to attune it to either. And he knows how to attune the cocktails to everybody by insisting on their being made with SEAGERS!

The secret is

SEAGERS GIN

TRADE MARK

THE HOUSE OF SEAGER ESTABLISHED 1805

DISTILLERS OF FINE GIN FOR OVER 130 YEARS

Continued]

3302 miles in well under seven days. Yet we slept comfortably most nights and had our meals at regular hours.

The most astonishing thing is that we have not yet added a drop of water to the radiator, and that after a 6500-mile journey from England with the air thermometer inside the car often showing 120 degrees Fahrenheit! The fuel consumption has averaged out at a better figure than ten miles to the gallon, and on our best days, without too much soft sand, we did 11½ m.p.g. quite comfortably. The independent front - wheel springing of the "Phantom III." makes it ride most comfortably over the worst possible apology for a road, and my friends H. B. Browning and H. F. Hamilton, who accompanied me, agree that on no other car would they have felt so fresh after so long and strenuous a drive.

The journey has not been lacking in thrills. At Fort Lamy, where we stayed eight days, there was an epidemic of smallpox; while at Fort Archambault there was an epidemic of cerebro-spinal meningitis. Consequently we had to be vaccinated and obtain curious documents known as "*passeports sanitaires.*" Between every infected village in French Equatorial Africa the road was barred by thorn-trees, hewn down and spread across the track, and an armed guard stood by, rifle in hand. When we found our route thus barred at night, we stealthily pulled the "plague - barriers" aside and continued.

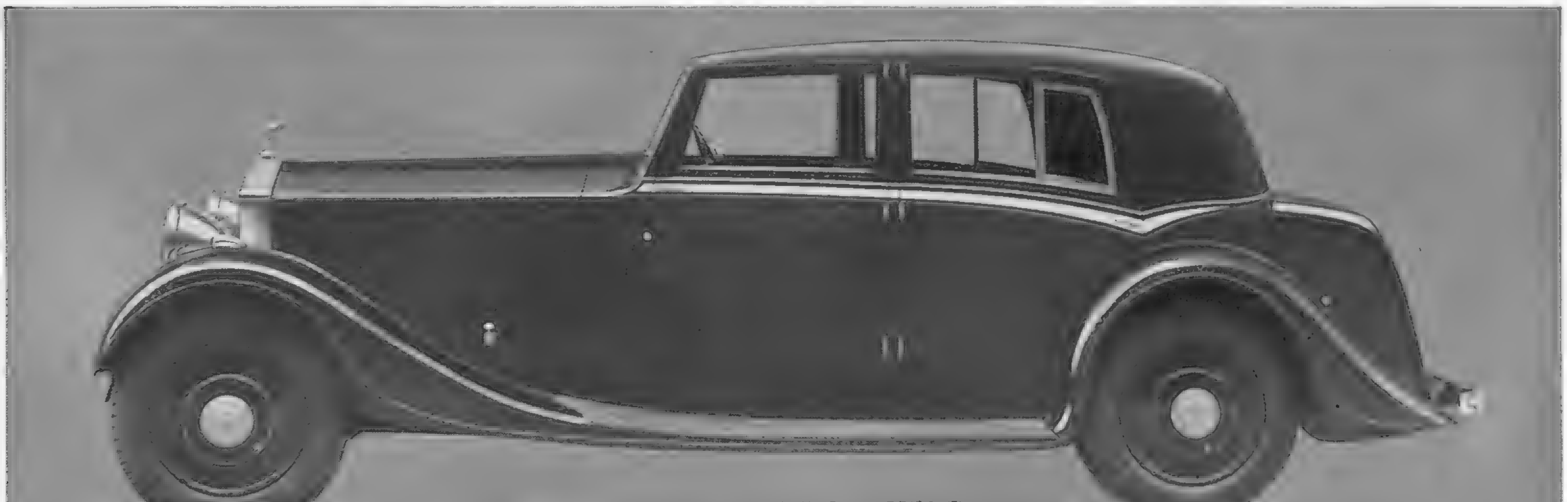
This car is an M.G. TWO-LITRE FOUR-DOOR SALOON, *and is seen in spring sunshine outside a typical old English inn.*

Then there was the fire. Somewhere in the Cameroons I smelt smoke. "Oh, it 's only a forest fire or a native village," one of my crew remarked airily. But presently I realised that the back of the car was on fire, owing to a heavy coat having fallen against the cigar-lighter!

We crossed the Equator at a height of over 8000 feet, and it was so cold that I had to don my warmest overcoat in the brilliant morning sunshine! The best going was encountered in the Belgian Congo, though often the main roads were no better than grass-grown lanes and only just wide enough for the car. In Uganda the roads, though slippery after rain, were fairly smooth, but in Kenya they are little better than the terrible, bumpy tracks encountered in the French colonies. This run proves, I think, that although primarily designed as a "luxury car" for use on first-class European highways, the Rolls-Royce is, in effect, a "go-anywhere" car. It has 9½ in. ground clearance, which has been adequate, even for deeply-rutted tracks in soft sand. The cooling has been so perfect that the water temperature has remained steadily at 78 degrees C. for the entire journey, while the engine is running as sweetly now as when we left England.

It is, incidentally, illuminating to realise that although one of the most luxurious and expensive cars in the world, the "Phantom III." actually brought us to Nairobi at less than half the cost of the

[Continued overleaf.



Barker Saloon on Rolls-Royce 25/30 Chassis

BY APPOINTMENT

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BARKER Coachwork

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'For the same money she could have bought a Daimler!'

When you are spending anything between £450 and £1,500 on a car, you want to be sure that you are doing full justice to your expenditure.
You want to look ahead, to the time when the first novelty of your latest acquisition has worn off. That is where the owner of a Daimler scores. For every Daimler, from the lordly Straight Eight down to the sparkling '15,' has the name and traditions of a noble line to live up to. After years of exacting service a Daimler is still a car you will be proud to own. For the strength and loveliness of a Daimler *endure*. And they can be yours for £465

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Buy a car made in the United Kingdom

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Continued.]

more normal route by fast mail steamers and express train to Mombasa.

Apart from our stay at Fort Lamy, we should have taken twelve days only (or fourteen at the most) from England to the capital of Kenya; but even so, our time spent on the road and sleeping at night is still one of the quickest runs ever accomplished, and is a tribute to Rolls-Royce design and workmanship. The coachwork, a luxurious seven-seater limousine by Park-Ward, shows no signs whatever of the ordeal it has undergone, and is still completely dustproof.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, MARCH 31.

ACROSS.—1. Dib. 3. Horseradish. 8. Narwhal. 9. Lucknow. 10. Exam. 11. Aisne. 12. Snow. 16. Deoch. 17. Handsel. 18. Snowdon. 21. Filch. 23. Yoga. 24. Wigan. 25. Pneu. 28. Panhard. 29. Custard. 30. Saccharissa. 31. Dud.

DOWN.—1. Dangerously. 2. Barmaid. 3. Haha. 4. Raleigh. 5. Arch. 6. Innings. 7. How. 9. Lynch. 13. Well-founded. 14. Horde. 15. Uncle. 19. Organic. 20. Naiad. 21. Francis. 22. Hansard. 26. Hash. 27. Ossa. 28. Pas.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" (New). 8.30.—Edith Evans and Leslie Banks. A wonderful performance.

"HOME AND BEAUTY" (Adelphi). 8.15.—A mad week-end light-operatically revued. Wit and satire by stars.

"SWING ALONG" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Good scenes; good music; good dancing; Leslie Henson on top form.

"JANE EYRE" (Aldwych). 8.30.—Curigwen Lewis and Reginald Tate in the Brontë thriller.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40. — Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"THE SQUEAKER" (Strand). 8.30.—A real good Edgar Wallace. A newspaper reporter acts the sleuth.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"RETREAT FROM FOLLY" (Queen's). 8.30.—Marie Tempest in a comedy which suits her admirably.

"SUSPECT" (St. Martin's). 8.30.—Strange, grim sequel to a "Not Proven" verdict. Acting excellent.

"BIG BUSINESS" (London Hippodrome). 8.15.—A Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce, and Wylie Watson combination.

"WISE TO-MORROW" (Lyric). 8.30.—Theatrical career rather than marriage.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Haymarket). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!), with Ralph Richardson.

"THE TWO BOUQUETS" (Garrick). 8.30.—A Victorian comedy with music.

"CARELESS RAPTURE" (Drury Lane). 8.—Ivor Novello's new big spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Zena Dare.

"THE FROG" (Prince's). 8.10.—All the Edgar Wallace thrills in one, adapted by Ian Hay.

"OVER SHE GOES" (Saville). 8.15. Slick fooling by Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff.

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE GOOD EARTH" (Palace Theatre).—Paul Muni and Luise Rainer in an impressive adaptation of a famous novel.

"THREE SMART GIRLS" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—Deanna Durbin makes a brilliant début in a delightful comedy.

"ERNTE" (Academy). — For Paula Wessely's fine performance in a romance of rural Hungary.

"LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE" (Studio One). A gay comedy of old Flanders.

"WINTERSET" (Regal).—A strong drama of obsessions set in a riverside slum.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"DARK JOURNEY" (London Pavilion).—Espionage drama with Vivien Leigh and Conrad Veidt.

"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937" (Tivoli).—The lighter side of life insurance set to music.

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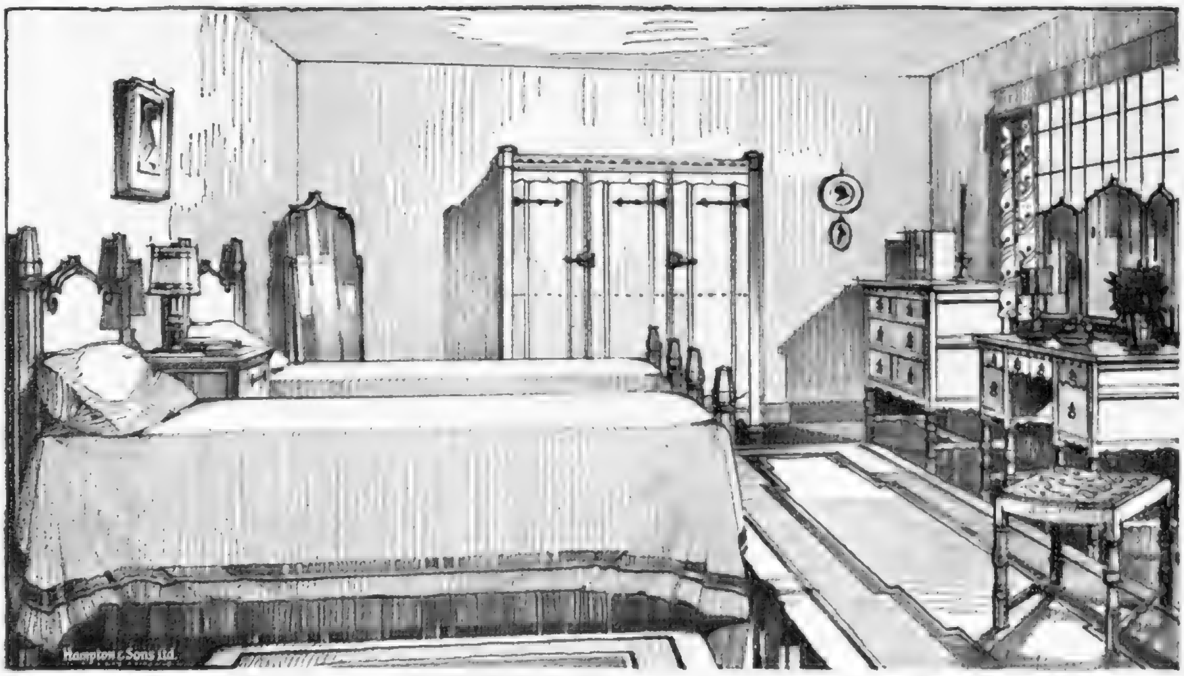

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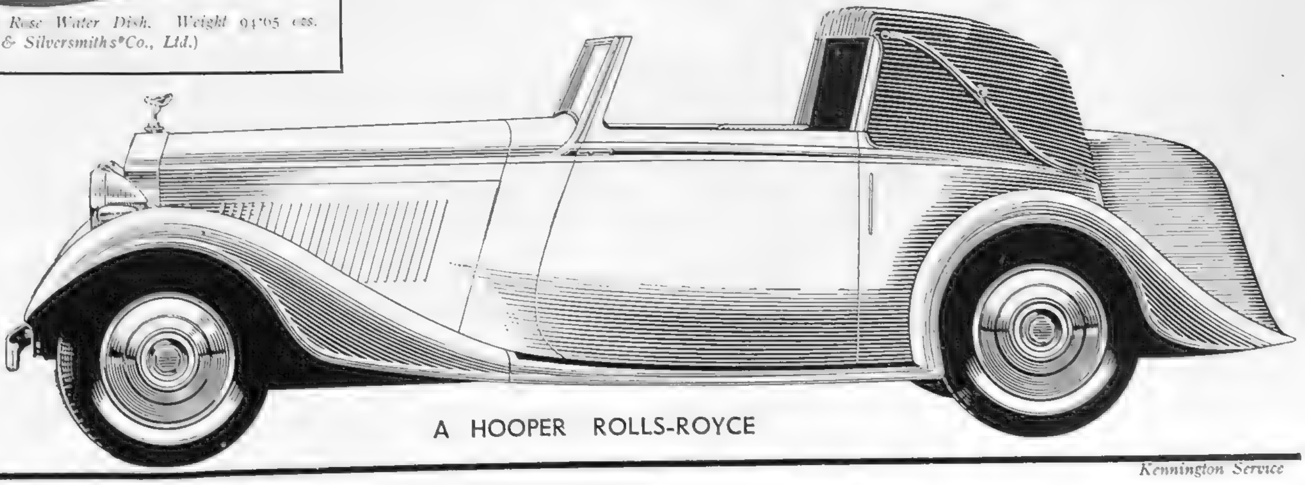

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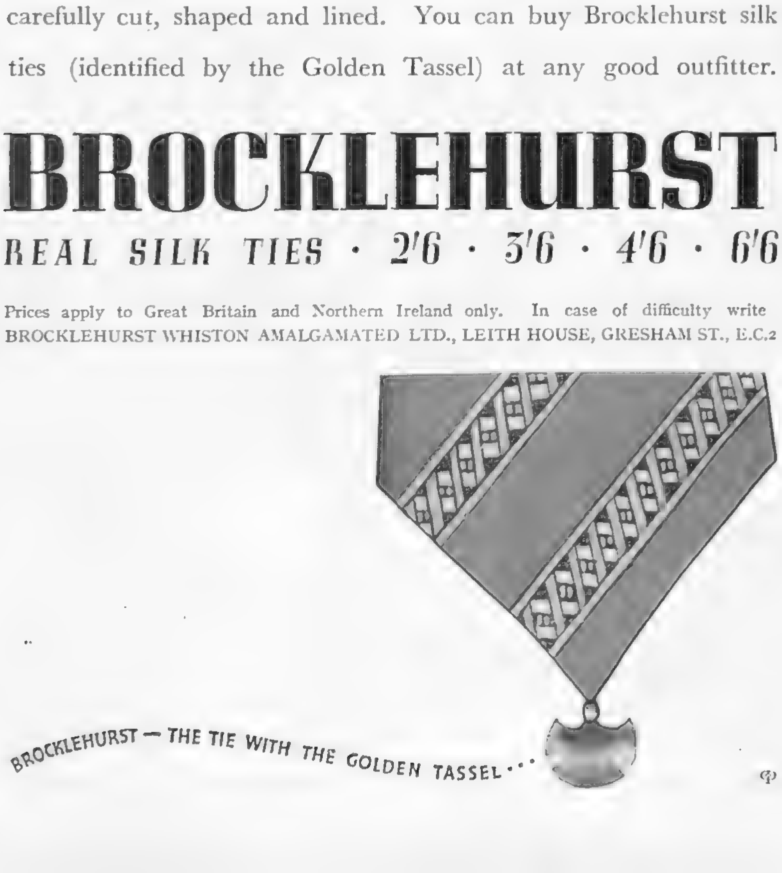

RIVIERA NEWS REEL.

SIDNEY BEER'S Easter concert in Cannes drew an interested audience. This still youthful English conductor is no longer a novice, and the novelty of "racing regular turned musician" has worn off, so to-day he is judged on his merits, and these were highly rated by French critics. Lord Cecil Manners, who is wintering at the Grand, was a prominent listener, prominent because of his white beard and black brows, and because he never misses a promising musical programme while on the Riviera. Mrs. Clews, mother of Henry and of Mrs. Ian Campbell (the future Duchess of Argyll), also Sir Robert and Lady Hadfield, were there. The other arts are equally active at Cannes and Richard Walker's private view was perhaps the most amusing and representative gathering of the season. This happened behind screens in the Carlton Lounge, the tinkle of ice in cocktail-shakers giving those who were not invited such a thirst as they passed by that there was an added rush in the bar that night. Richard Walker is a popular resident, an architect, and the nephew of one of the first women to exhibit at the R.A.—Mrs. Jopling Rowe. The most amusing pair of pictures were flower paintings, like eighteenth-century samplers on dark-blue glass. Mrs. Lionel Abel Smith "adored" these. She was looking *chic* in a black woollen coat edged with silver braid. Mrs. Cartwright came straight from the train to the exhibition, and, like everybody else, she wanted the white Provençal village against a

MRS. RANDOLPH *and her clever daughter,* ELSIE RANDOLPH, *are here seen on the beach at Cannes. Elsie Randolph and Jack Buchanan are shortly starting their new picture, "Smash and Grab"—their first non-dancing, non-singing talkie.*

navy-blue sky; but Mrs. Maier, who takes a flat on top of the Martinez Hotel, red-labelled it first.

I was interested to meet the man who organises those popular children's concerts all over England—Robert Mayer. He chose a picture for his little daughter. The Archduke Franz-Joseph and Prince Assiewsky (who is known to St. Moritz bobbers and Cresta riders as "Serviette," owing to the unpronounceable nature of his title) were very much present. A pretty girl there was Gillian Hansard, who lives with her authoress mother at "Lou Miracle," their little olive farm in the hills near Mougins. She spent part of the winter in America visiting her artist uncle, Jan Juta, and his wife, who is Mrs. Vincent Astor's sister, and, like all English girls, was given a delightful "rush." Gillian is a granddaughter of a great South African personality, the late Sir Henry Juta, who was a Queen's Counsel for many years, and then Lord Chief Justice in Cape Town. She is as clever as she is attractive, and had her first and only book published when she was fourteen. It was sub-titled "An Encouragement for Brighter, Bolder, and Better Reading for Children and Young Persons. By a Young Person." One of her treasured possessions is a book of H. G. Wells in which he drew "for Gillian" three little pictures—"As we were" (a fish); "As we are" (a man); and "As we will be" (an angel with wings). H. G., like "Elizabeth," Somerset Maugham, and many others, has found the Riviera a congenial writing-place at many times in his career.

That gala-ites are not entirely devoid of artistic appreciation was proved when Giuseppe Perulli sang at the Ambassadeurs. You could have heard an asparagus drop. Possessing a really good tenor, he put "Il Trovatore" and other great tunes across once more, ending inevitably with "Sole Mio." It was a treat to watch Italian and Meridional waiters clapping like mad. Also applauding was Count Haugwitz-Reventlow (Barbara Hutton's brother-in-law), who was with Mrs. Yvonne Macdonald, and the young Munro-Kerrs. Lords Beaverbrook, Castlerosse, Kemsley, and Furness seemed in good form too. P.M.

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PLAY MADE EASY.

I SAID last week that the play of most bridge hands was an easy business—and so it ought to be when you come to think that you know the exact lie of twenty-six cards, to say nothing of a twenty-seventh, the card led. Now when that card led is based on some old-fashioned rule for leads, dating back to the days of whist—and no doubt it was useful at that game—but which has no relation to modern bridge, why, then, the game, from declarer's point of view, becomes easier still. I was reading an article the other day on opening leads against no-trumps, and read: "Long suits, not headed as above (touching honours and intermediate sequences). The fourth best card is led, *and don't let anyone persuade you to make a habit of leading anything but the fourth best.*" The italics are mine, but I don't think there is much doubt to whom this warning applies—I flatter myself it applies here. Before going any further, let me just remind this writer that the fourth best lead, with its companion, the eleven rule, was introduced as a useful whist convention; at whist there was no such thing as no-trumps, no declarer, no dummy. It would be strange, therefore, if what applied to whist should also apply (without any persuasion to the contrary) to bridge. I say, have said, and will go on saying that the lead of fourth best is about as bad a lead as you can make at bridge, but I am careful to give my reasons for saying so.

It is noticeable that the authority quoted gives no reason for his statement; he merely says it is so, or rather, "I have said so, therefore it is so." The lead of fourth best is bad, and I think that most master players agree, because that lead gives far more *valuable* information to declarer than to partner of leader. If a two is led, or a four with the two and three in sight, or a six with the two, three, four, five in sight, what a relief it must be to player of the hand to know that original leader at most held but four cards in that suit! He can then play around with the hand as he will—at any rate, he can lose no more than four tricks in the suit opened. That must be invaluable information to declarer, and, I fancy, but poor consolation to opener's partner. But these are mere generalities. I will now give some concrete examples where the lead of fourth best is of colossal value to declarer. Dummy (B) shows down, and A (player) holds these cards. In each case the seven is the opening lead. Now remember that seven from eleven leaves four, hence, the opening being the fourth best, we know there are only four cards out to beat it—

	(1)			(2)	
	King, 8.			Queen, 9.	
	B			B	
7 led Y		Z	7 led Y		Z
	A			A	
	Kn, 9.			Kn, 8.	

	(3)			(4)	
	Kn, 2.			10, 2.	
	B			B	
7 led Y		Z	7 led Y		Z
	A			A	
	A, 10, 8.			A, Q, 8.	

(1) As a rule, this is a pretty nerve-racking situation. To put up the king or to chance it? But there is no chance; the trick can be won in either hand for a certainty! (2) is more nerve-racking still; it would seem you are in for a bad run-off in the suit opened, but, on the contrary, again you can win, and must be able to win, the trick in either hand. Well, no matter how you look at it, that is pretty useful knowledge, anyhow. (3) That knave in dummy is a certain winner, so if you want to run something from that hand, there you are in lead from the table! (4) is the same—perhaps more useful still. The ten in dummy is a winner; if you want the lead in that hand, well, there you are—it 's a gift!

Here, then, are four examples of how the lead of fourth best may easily make game or contract a walk-over for declarer. Any number of other examples could be given, and if the person who doesn't want you to be persuaded to make a habit of leading anything but your fourth best will give me *more than one* example of where that lead wins, I will give *him* best, and retire as gracefully as possible from all bridge arguments.

Here is a hand which proves how easy declarer's game is. Given ten seconds' thought, the play is obvious and the result a certainty—

	Y	
Spades—A, 4, 3.		Spades—K, 2.
Hearts—A, K, 8, 7.		Hearts—3, 2.
Clubs—A, Q.	A B	Clubs—K, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5.
Diamonds—Q, 6, 5, 4.		Diamonds—Kn, 9, 7.
	Z	

The contract is three no-trumps by A. Y led the queen of spades. A won with the ace and led the ace of clubs. Y played the two, B the five, and Z the ten. Now play on.

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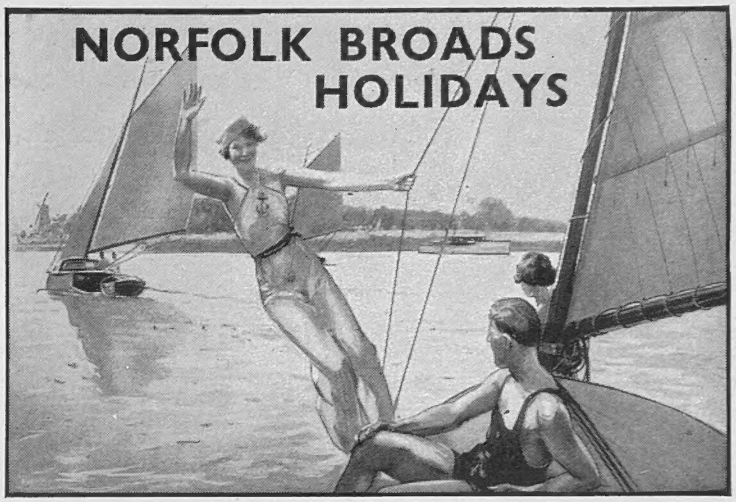

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